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THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life

If we would only stop to take it;

And many a tone from the better land,

If the querulous heart would make it!

To the soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright,

Though the Winter's storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,

And to keep the eyes still lifted;

For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through

When the ominous clouds are rifted!

There was never a night without a day,

Or an evening without a morning;

And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,

Which we pass in our idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jeweled crown,

Or the miser's hoard of treasure;

It may be the love of a little child,

Or a mother's prayer to heaven,

Or only a beggar's grateful thanks

For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life

A bright and golden filling,

And to do God's will with a ready heart,

And hands that are ready and willing;

Than to snap the delicate minute thread

Of our curious lives asunder,

And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,

And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Charles Mackey.

Definitions in Spiritualism.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

"Define your terms, gentlemen, define your terms, and I will tell you what I am!"—*Voltaire*.

The first necessity of human progress, of civilization, of science, of philosophy and religion, is that language be made explicit, so that the description of things may be rendered definite, and the statement of facts and principles accurate and precise. Words being the signs or symbols of thoughts or ideas, and the reporters of observation, it is requisite to a good common understanding, that the same words be used in the same way by all persons, to represent the same things when in the same condition. For this reason, a particular nomenclature, peculiar terminology, and technical vocabulary forms a part of every special art or science.

Absurd misconceptions, errors, antagonisms, intolerance, hostility, persecutions and wars, the injury of humanity and hindrance of progress, have been the consequences of the general imperfection and impertinence of language, and especially of the lack of positive knowledge, fixed terms, an absolutely expressive phraseology and concise statement, in connection with that which has been assumed to be philosophy, theology and religion. In the name and interest of good sense, of peace, progress, and the highest good of the world, it is demanded that the methods of science be made the mode of investigation in so called metaphysical matters, and the exact language of the positive arts be imitated in the expressions of a rational philosophy and consistent religion. In this way only can the dignity and actual power of the spiritual be made obvious to acute inductive intellects, and the speculative deduction of intuitive clairvoyant seers brought into re-

lation with thoughtful analysis and the possibility of practical demonstration. Only in this way can we advance beyond a senseless theology, a useless religion and a science that "knows no soul."

Among many others, the words, God, religion, soul, spirit, Spiritualism, are not only differently understood and used by various sects, classes and denominations, but have an uncertain significance to almost every individual. Considering the calamities of the past and the evils and absurdities of the present, consequent upon the uncivilization of language, we are led to reflect upon the causes which have retarded progress in this particular; thus enquiring we learn that as long as the normal but mysterious faculty of clairvoyance, because unfolding intuition and prophecy was regarded as supernatural and preterhuman; as long as the rhapsodic utterances of ecstatic seers were taken for an authoritative revelation from the Holy Ghost, to be revered as infallible, though disproved by the discoveries of science so long, there could be no harmony of religious opinion and sentiment, no possible concord of expression, and hardly any approximation to mathematical precision in the use of language.

While this assumed revelation, though characterized and disfigured by peculiarities, which were the effect of constitutional proclivities and mental traits in its authors, was generally acknowledged as the fundamental basis of dogmatic theology and enforced conformity, science was ignored in favor of insolent pretension, wide-spread ignorance encouraged imposition, the progress of humanity was checked, and civilization stagnated in the darkness which overspread Europe after Christianity had made a conquest of the ruined Roman Republic and extinguished the torch of investigation in the blood of the student! There was no occasion for reason when unquestioning faith was the holiest of virtues, no room for criticism in a system which made unbelief the one damnable crime, and no demand for precise terms of analysis or the lexicon of concise statement, when inspired idiots expounded doctrines they knew nothing about to devotees educated into a holy horror of prying into the mysteries of the Lord.

But with the revival of learning, the partial overthrow of ecclesiastical despotism, the emancipation of intelligence, the evolution of special science, and especially with the development of the phenomena and spread of modern Spiritualism, it has been realized that science is only a foe to superstition; that truth is a unit, and that the same method which discovers it in one direction is competent for researches in any other. It is decided that the assumed dualism of spirit and matter is absurd, and that intuition and tuition are equally important in universal education, and if one reason deductively or by induction, the same rigid method of analysis of appearances, and ceaseless appeal to actual facts must signalize our research.

Students of actual facts being brought constantly in contact with judicial matters, wherein an error of perception misleads into defeat, where a sophism in reasoning involves vast interests in palpable ruin, where even the understanding of a technical sign may result in financial loss, disparage professional reputation, or end in the destruction of human lives, have invented for each field of knowledge and line of industry a classification, method and nomenclature,

by which study is directed and the greatest results made most immediately and certainly attainable. But one effect of education in this practical school and positive method has been to develop a contempt for the indefinite, speculative and theoretical, a scorn of intuition and a disbelief in the sense and force of arguments based on anything, except the facts recognized by the physical senses. Hence, the attention of this class has been restricted to materialism, and they who alone were adapted to the work have failed to extend the inquest of science into spiritual matters, and elaborate in philosophy and religion, the discrimination of the chemist, the comprehension of the astronomer and the effective vigor of the artisan.

Hence, clairvoyance, the transcendent faculty of unfolded human senses, whether manifested in shut-eyed vision of external objects, in perception of elements invisible to ordinary sight, in psychometry, in intuitive cognition and discovery of laws and principles, or in prescience and absolute prophecy, is regarded as a mystery by most of those who consider it a fact, because people of common sense have neglected to investigate its phenomena. Mystery cradled in ignorance, nursed by sloth, becomes the mother of delusion, so the noblest visions of the clairvoyant seer and prophet have been received as oracles, rather than studied as pertinent suggestions in aid of discovery and invention. The undeveloped condition of this wonderful faculty, the imperfection of the instrument of observation, has made absolute infallibility of sight impossible, even to those whose spiritual vision has been most widely opened, separated by their gifts from the multitude, who were ever ready to worship, but never able to comprehend, developed into an experience they could realize, but were unable to explain. These teachers of the philosophy of the metaphysical and supernal "spoke with authority and not as the scribes;" hence, were easily and often betrayed into dogmatism. Questioned incessantly of the infinite and eternal, of the "unconditioned" and "unthinkable," they strained their powers and warped their intellects in vain efforts to explore the endless and actualize the impossible. The very scope of their visions compelled vagueness of perception, while the aberrations of intellect engendered incongruity of statement and eccentricity of action. Sharply individualized and exceedingly egotistical, with a personal vanity stimulated by the attention and flattery of their disciples, they often proclaimed themselves saviors and redeemers, announcing themselves confidently as veritable sons of God.

Of course, among such autocrats of conceit there would be only the most general likeness of ideas, and obscurity of language was regarded as proof of profundity of wisdom. Such characters were as incapable as careless of reducing their announcements and assumptions to fixed formula, and sensible of the scepticism of positive minds, furiously asserted the authority of recorded inspiration in opposition to a knowledge of facts and their relations. The natural scorn of the scientist they repaid with the persecution of bigotry, and far from developing defined principles and accurate expression in their own theories, by their repressions, crudities and vagaries prevented progress, hindered education and introduced confusion in every direction.

It is now of the utmost consequence that the era of good understanding and feeling about to begin, is not deferred through any misapprehension brought about by looseness of speech, or needless departure from common phraseology. All attempts to convey to earth-bound mortals a knowledge of the spheres, in incoherent jargon, supposed to be the vernacular of the summer-land, must result in the disgust of those who listen, and the failure of those who thus attempt to teach. That the wonderful things of Spiritualism do not seem too strange for credence, its descriptions, statements, and propositions should be made in the simplest and most common phrase. The dictionary of the language we use is for the present the best criterion of significance; words used in an unusual sense should be explained and the added meaning defined; new words should be coined only when needed, and then always defined when in use, until the exact sense of them has become popularized; so doing, we may hope to be able to convey our ideas to the minds of thinkers, and even the illiterate, and being comprehended not only win respect for ourselves and our opinions, but confer a lasting and great benefit on those who honor us with their attention.

In consonance with this perception of the exact nature of the needed statement of Spiritualism, and in consideration of the emergencies of the time, it is proposed to put forward, in a series of articles, some brief definitions of the words and terms made use of in treating of this important system. This effort is not made with the idea of adding anything great to philology, but in the hope that, by general understanding it may assist to convey ideas more clearly, prevent confusion, and set an example others may be as able to improve upon as ready to follow. Neither is the work undertaken because the introduction of uncommon or new terms is intended, nor because it is supposed that persons interested must be ignorant of the legitimate definition of the words, terms, or phrases we write about, but because certain expressions have been frequently used by writers and speakers upon Spiritualism in a way not warranted by good sense or conducive to perspicuous thinking—besides other words, however defined in the lexicon, have suffered mutilation of meaning in the service of the sects, some of these words we are obliged to use and would return to them their legitimate significance, or at least state fully and clearly what we as Spiritualists intend by them when put in use for our purpose.

Gradually, however, science has freed its way to public recognition, and slowly theologians and instinctive believers are learning the function of reason in connection with matters of faith. Science comes to acknowledge intuition by the name of "imagination" as the essential of progressive discovery, and the religionist finds in his investigation of phenomenal Spiritualism, immortality demonstrated through physical facts in accordance with the method of material science. Thus in Spiritualism the universal system, as on common ground, the two parties of the long conflict of the ages meet. The intuitional spirit, and the analytical intellect approach each other, they meet with all the suspicion and jealousy of foes, they will dwell together in all the loving co-operation of fruitful marriage. The work of the hour is to make acquainted these representatives of the opposite poles of human nature. With that purpose the cultivation of science among and by Spiritualists becomes an imperative duty, nor is it less requisite that professors of science bestow an honest and thorough investigation upon the whole matter of Spiritualism. Happily at the present, each of these wholesome tendencies is out working in fortunate and successful action.

The Sectarial God vs. The God of Nature.

THE INITIATIVE FOR THE LAST CONFLICT—SHORT, BLOODY, DECISIVE.

One of the most prophetic movements the world has ever known has been launched. Authority, seeking control over the consciences of men, has again reached out its hand to enslave the world. Lurking behind the specious sentences of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, stands, partly concealed and partly shown, the grim, gaunt visage of war—religious, fanatical war—a war such as the world has never known—a war universal, which will divide brothers and friends, make the son imbrue his hands in a father's blood, drive the knife till it reaches the heart of sisters and brothers; invite servants to instil the deadly poison in a quiet

morning meal—in short, a war such as can only be aroused by arousing the deepest, broadest, and at the same time the most terrible part of man's nature—that which most nearly relates him to his God.

This is the first real fruit of that exclusively pious and self-righteous people calling themselves the Young Men's Christian Association. Their first, last and only duty is to ostracise everybody who does not possess a certificate of character over the signature of some reverend divine who has felt called of God to preach his own conceptions of truth as the revealed religion of God, and to declare His judgments against everybody who fails to believe God is so limited and insignificant a personage as to be comprehended by any person of finite mind; even if he have all the prefixes and affixes which all the colleges can confer.

But we are glad that the call has been made just at this time. We have been telling the radical elements of this country and the world that they have got to unite against this already organized crusade, which permeates almost to every centre of individuals in the country. What have those whom these Christians—God save the mark!—desire to compel to worship in their idolatrous manner, got to oppose them with. Absolutely nothing. They have been lying supinely on their backs, crying out, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," while their foes have been busy preparing the manacles with which to bind them hand and foot. Against this enemy, common to all progress, liberal people must be on their guard, or they will soon be regretting their blindness to what was prepared for them and under their very eyes.

We can inform our friends who jeer at organization for political purposes that their method of procedure will not avail against this enemy to humanity. They may preach spiritual truths until they are hoarse, and the progress of their enemies will scarcely note it. They may stand calling on the spirit world to come down and rescue them, and their cries will be unanswered.

Let us ask these good people who fear the name of politics what chance their mediums will have should this crusade succeed? They are blind if they do not see them stretched upon the terrible wheel—their limbs torn from their bodies or the licking flames curling and entwining around their writhing frames. What escape would there be for those who deny that the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each; or for those who deny that God spoke to Moses from the bush; or for those who deny that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua; or for those who deny that there was a flood coming from forty days' and forty nights' rain, and that the ark contained all that was saved of created things; or for those who deny that Christ was the son of God, in any other sense than that in which all men are the sons of God; or, in short, for those who will not admit that a book which contains more inconsistencies and contradictions than any other extant, is the direct, complete and only revelation of God to man?

The accomplishment of their present expressed purpose is the mere prelude to what they intend shall be the grand inauguration of the reign of their assumed authority in the name of God. The first step gained, they will relentlessly enter upon the second and the third. And can any reasonably enlightened person pretend to doubt what those steps would be? If so, we fear he has read history in vain. There has been more blood shed, more damning deeds committed, in the sacred name of religion than in all others put together.

And as the last contest for the right to rule over and own the bodies of slaves was the most terrible war for freedom, so also the last war which will be waged for the control of the consciences of men will be the most terrible of religious wars.

What this convention will be, we all know before it has taken place. We know that all the modern scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites, who, for a pretense make long prayers, will be there. We know that the delegates will be so numerous that Thoms' Hall will scarcely contain them, and we know that all their proceedings will be begun and ended by prayers and benedictions, and that all their proceedings will be in the name of the Lord and His Son Jesus Christ.

It must not be imagined that we oppose the truths and precepts which Christ taught. Never. Not one who shall meet at that convention will more stren-

uously urge the propositions there to be considered than we urge these truths and precepts. They are free, but grand; their scope the universe; their subject humanity—a perfect band of brothers and sisters, and the Golden Rule their guide. They say, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely," for the sake of truth. . . . "For so persecuted they the prophets."

But, thank Heaven, we know what the end will be. History will but repeat itself again. Despotism seeking to enslave God's free children will be stricken to the dust by the young and athletic Freedom, and then surely shall come the time when "nations shall be in war no more."

But let this Justice speak what they propose:

THEOCRACY VS. DEMOCRACY—CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CHRISTIANS TO MEET IN THOM'S HALL, CINCINNATI, JANUARY 31, 1872.

Government is instituted for man as an intellectual, social, and moral and religious being. It corresponds to his whole nature. It is intended to protect and advance the higher as well as the lower interests of humanity. It acts well for its legitimate purposes when it watches over domestic life, and asserts and enforces the sanctity of the marriage bond; when it watches over intellect and education and furnishes means for developing all the faculties of the mind; when it frowns on profaneness, lewdness, the desecration of the Sabbath, and other crimes which injure society chiefly by weakening moral and religious sentiment, and degrading the character of a people. Acting for such purposes, government should be established on moral principles. Moral principles of conduct are determined by moral relations. The relations of a nation to God and his moral laws are clear and definite: 1. A nation is the creature of God. 2. It is clothed with authority derived from God. 3. It is under the dominion of Jesus Christ, the appointed Ruler of nations. 4. It is subject to the Bible, the special revelation of the moral law. In constituting and administering its government, then, a nation is under obligations to acknowledge God as the author of its existence and the source of its authority, Jesus Christ as its ruler, and the Bible as the fountain of its laws and the supreme rule of its conduct. Up to the time of the adoption of the national constitution, acknowledgments of this kind were made by all the States. They are yet made by many of the States. And in the actual administration of the national government the principle is admitted. But the fundamental law of the nation, the Constitution of the United States on which our government rests, and according to which it is to be administered, fails to make, fully and explicitly, any such acknowledgment. This failure has fostered among us mischievous ideas like the following: The nation, as such, has no relation to God; its authority has no higher source than the will of the people; government is instituted only for the lower wants of man; the state goes beyond its sphere when it legislates religiously, or legislates against profanity or Sabbath desecration. The National Association, which has been formed for the purpose of securing such an amendment to the Constitution as will remedy this great defect, and indicate that this is a Christian nation, and place all Christian laws, institutions and usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the nation—invites all American citizens who favor such an amendment, without distinction of party or creed, to meet in Thoms' Hall, Cincinnati, January 31, 1872, at two o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM STRONG,

United States Supreme Court, Pres't National Association.

Vice-Presidents.—His Excellency, John W. Geary, Governor of Pennsylvania; his Excellency, John W. Stewart, Governor of Vermont; his Excellency, James M. Harvey, Governor of Kansas; the Hon. Marshall Jewell, ex-Governor of Connecticut; the Hon. James Pollock, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania; the Hon. William Murray, Supreme Court of New York; Felix H. Brunot, Esq., Pittsburg, Pa.; George H. Stuart, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.; John Alexander, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles G. Nazro, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Thomas W. Bicknell, Commissioner of Public Schools, Rhode Island; James W. Taylor, Esq., Newburg, N. Y.; Professor Taylor Lewis, LL. D., Union College, New York; Professor Julius H. Seelye, D. D., Amherst College Massachusetts; the Right Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio; the Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., President of Tufts' College, Mass.; the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D. D., Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D. D., Newark, N. J.; Prof. Stoddard, LL. D., Wooster University, Ohio; the Rev. M. Simpson, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. J. Blanchard, D. D., President of Wheaton College, Ill.; John S. Hard, LL. D., Principal of State Normal School, New Jersey; the Right Rev. John B. Kerfoot, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburg; the Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York; the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn; the Rev. Levi Scott, D. D., Bishop of the M. E. Church, Delaware.—Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

Dr. Mary J. Walker attended the Woman's Suffrage Convention at Washington, earnest and enthusiastic as ever.

Mrs. Hattie J. French, trance, healing and test medium, at Washington, is constantly employed in her vocation, and with unquestionable success. We had undoubted evidence of her powers as a test medium, as we learned others had also that had given her an opportunity to manifest them. She gives lectures and tests, and describes spirit friends of different ones in an audience, with good success.

Victoria C. Woodhull on Social Freedom.

Editors American Spiritualist:

Mr. Hudson Tuttle, in his letter to you, on the subject of Victoria C. Woodhull and her Social Theories, has, I submit to your judgment, clouded and prejudged the question at issue.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle is a capable man, and, as I take it, is a believer in Spiritualism. Victoria C. Woodhull has long been a Spiritualist, and has lately been elected to a very important and influential position. I take it that, as a Spiritualist, Mr. Tuttle believes in spirit teachings, utterances, and manifestations. Victoria C. Woodhull is a very remarkable woman, if it be only that she has been lifted to an elevated stand in the face of the world, and that she has achieved her distinction certainly not by the usual acts of popularity seekers, nor even by worldly assistance, but in defiance of all opposition. I leave it to those outside our faith to reconcile this contradiction. Those within the faith will find no difficulty. Mrs. Woodhull says of herself that her promptings come from above. I see nothing impossible in such a source of inspiration. Mrs. Woodhull is consistent to her profession in this one assertion—she does not work by ordinary means or in ordinary channels. I should have expected an assault from without upon her claims to spirit guidance and assistance. I am surprised at such an assault from one of ourselves. I am not a Greek scholar, as I presume Mr. Tuttle to be, from his comparison of her productions with those of the great sage and orator, and I will not venture to justify Mrs. Woodhull's literary merits. But making all allowance for the abstruse and difficult subjects with which she deals, I venture to think her style good, her reasoning conclusive, and the whole matter made clear to the intelligence of those who read with a desire to understand. And if, as was once said by one of the mightiest modern orators, eloquence consists in "the right words at the right time," I don't know that Demosthenes himself could exceed in the fitness of the topics or the fitness of the handling, for the people—the common people, of course. We are not all Hudson Tuttle. I do dare to think, however, that whether the subject be admirably or only tolerably handled, it is in very bad taste for Mr. Tuttle to throw discredit on Mrs. Woodhull's assertion of communion with the spirits, unless there be the surest grounds for imputing to her imposition and false pretence. This matter has nothing to do, in my estimation, with the soundness of her social theories. In all time the revelations by the spirit have come through human agency; it would have been enough to have imputed error to the agent in this case, without seeking to cast discredit on the faith itself, in a reckless ambition to achieve success in controversy. I regret this, but I hope your readers will take it at its just value, as a mere lawyer's artifice to multiply the issues and so to multiply his chances of success. To seek success in any and every way, may be sharp practice, but it is not sound morality.

Free Love is not the most pleasant topic to handle. Its advocates may, however, comfort themselves with the reflection that all creeds have their day of adversity. There was a time when Spiritualism was a by-word and a reproach: even now it is anything but a fragrance or a sweet odor in the nostrils of not a few. I am not myself a Free Lover, at least not in the offensive sense of the term. I am but a seeker after truth; as such I profess my obligation to Mrs. Woodhull for bringing forward this question. It is said, and not without show of reason, that there is vast practice by society of free love in its broadest signification, and that the ventilation of the matter is all the more distasteful. Horace Greeley once said of the political world that it was "rotten from centre to circumference," the words are strong, but they are far from inapplicable to our social community. Infanticide, fœticide, practice against health and a long list of objectionable conditions, stigmatized as abominably immoral and improper, nevertheless, winked at if not connived with, by the seeming virtuous, are notorious social facts. The orthodox say such things are best passed over in discreet silence. Ignorance is better than knowledge. Mrs. Woodhull thinks such things are the fruit of an unphilosophical, of a damnable false moral code; that truth never suffers by discussion, and that the public injury is not in stirring up a foul pool, but in allowing its existence, to poison the land with noisome exhalations and fever breeding miasma. Stir it up, drain it off, find out its cause, stop the nuisance! So says Mrs. Woodhull. So say I. Mrs. Woodhull may not be right in her plans. But let us at least hear what they are; and do not let us get frightened because

she calls a stench, a stench, nor be shocked because she proposes a piece of social engineering that beats our experience. There must be a remedy for every wrong. After all, even orthodoxy can be reassured, when it remembers that there is no new thing under the sun. Doubtless social evils have existed before to-day; doubtless also that there have been even free love remedies, and at some past time another, an archetypal Mrs. Woodhull may have investigated the cancer and proposed its extirpation. Perhaps, even there was a Hudson Tuttle, of whom our friend of to-day is but the renewal, feeble and wordy, as befits the degenerate days in which we have fallen.

Those who are so weak kneed as to take alarm and to go into fits about names, and words, and shifting principles, know exceedingly little of history. Let us pass over the holy book of India or of the Parsees, and come to the Bible, the book of the orthodox Christian. We all howl, and tear our hair, and throw dust and ashes over our heads, because of polygamy in Utah. And yet all the patriarchs and most of the kings were polygamists. Nay more, the children of polygamy were counted heirs of the kingdom. I am not praising nor abetting polygamy, I simply wish to say, "Possess your souls in patience. Be not afraid." Woodhull and Tuttle, Free love, polygamy, Spiritualism and orthodoxy will all come out right. The world moves.

Brother Tuttle begins by complaining that he does not know what Mrs. Woodhull means by the word Love. "Free" is less misty, but "Love" is a stumbling-block. Happily, a few lines further on, he gets out of the wood, and tells us himself that he has found she means "sexual attraction;" her definition of marriage is "sexually united, to be which, is to be married by nature, and to be thus married is to be united by God." Thereupon Brother Tuttle infers that the union of animals is marriage as well as the union of man and woman. Why of course it is, Brother; you are quite right—only with this qualification, that animals have not all the faculties of man, and, therefore, cannot make precisely the same mental and instinctive arrangements. In degree, however, it is the same. It is all God's work. This little commencement, setting up a wind bag to knock it out of time, is evidently for display. The serious business is to come.

Mr. Tuttle charges that Mrs. Woodhull's basis of individual freedom is so broad that all allegiance to the whole is lost. Speaking of religious freedom, political freedom, and social freedom, he refutes her assumption thus:—"What those words mean is, that the individual shall be protected in those rights which do not conflict with the rights of others; and that government is the most free which performs this task the most perfectly."

If I were a grammarian, I might say something about perfect, more perfect, and most perfect—how anything can be more than perfect, I leave to Mr. Tuttle. But the sentence is remarkable in any wise. It is in fact, a synopsis of Mrs. Woodhull's theory of government. That is precisely the whole question. The reconciliation of the rights of one with the rights of another, so that each shall attain a full measure of free action without clashing.

Mrs. Woodhull's famous or infamous words, (the terms are interchangeable, it all depends on the point of view), "I am a Free Lover. I have an inalienable constitutional and natural right to love whom I may; to love as long or as short a period as I can; to change that love every day, if I please; and with that right, neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere." Her statement here, if strictly construed, affirms only an abstract right to individual freedom irrespective of interference by a third outside person or power. It leaves the rights and duties of the loving and loved intact. Any other meaning is forced. But such and such consequences will ensue from the recognition of such a right! Not at all. Such and such consequences may ensue, is all that can be correctly predicated. The consequences that may ensue from the misuse of a right have nothing to do with the right. A favorite argument against Woman Suffrage is that women will not use the suffrage, or will not use it properly. That is their affair. That may be an argument for arbitrarily restraining the women from exercising the right, but it is no ground for denying the right itself. Every citizen has a right to that which is his own. A suitor in the courts has only to establish that right, no one contravenes the right on the pretense of its misapplication. Mrs. Woodhull's right cannot be invalidated by apprehensions of a wrong use. The right may never be availed of; considerations of expediency, of the higher duty of self-sacrifice, in many ways may intercept the exer-

cise of the right. But observe that the thesis contains two propositions: the assertion of right itself, and the denial of a third party's interference.

While Mr. Tuttle argues against Mrs. Woodhull's position, I perceive that he is strictly non-committal as to his own. She, at least, is strong enough to propose an extreme remedy for existing imperfections; he does not tell us whether he is content or non content with things as they are. He only tells us that marriage does not cause public prostitution. Mrs. Woodhull, so far as I know, has not said that it does. I infer that he objects to public prostitution. He makes no mention of that other and far more extensive and irremediable private prostitution, which is one of the consequences of marriage for money, for position, for a maintenance, and is the resultant of a husband's legal control over his wife's person.

Mr. Tuttle says that "the filing of marriage articles defining the nature of the contract, as recommended by Mrs. Woodhull, would be a recognition of the legal power to control marriage. I cannot see it. That is a matter of convenience, for the determination of matters outside the marriage relation itself. Property succession and the like. As I and others, with whom I have conversed, understand Mrs. Woodhull's position; it is thus:

"Marriage as at present existent, fails to cure certain evils, and leads to much personal dissatisfaction and misery.

Divorces are recognized not only by law, but in religious creeds.

Marriage is a purely personal affair, except as regards offspring. Like all other human institutions, it has its moral duties.

Some religious sects consider it part of their creed. The strictest of all, the Roman Catholic, while it affects to control marriage as it does every other act and condition of life, says that it is purer and better to be celibate than married. Not saying much for marriage. Father Hyacinthe said the reverse, but that was one of his irregularities.

Other sects and the law recognize divorce, that is, marriage is a legal, civil contract, and may be terminated like other contracts on non-performance of its duties expressed or implied.

Mrs. Woodhull goes a step beyond, and says, marriage should be free of legal or social interference: it should be a matter between the contracting parties—and them only. No one else has anything to do with it. It is a partnership founded on various motives, whether for one year, for seven years, or for life, is the business of the parties. But either is equally respectable. Mrs. Woodhull expressly disclaims all idea of promiscuity and upholds monogamy. If, therefore, under her system, men or women violate her principle, they will do precisely as they do now, with less excuse. Now they are tied—then they will be free. Mr. Tuttle and the objectors urge, Free Love will lead to license. Mrs. Woodhull replies, All the lawyers and all the preachers fail in preventing licentiousness now. Free politics, free speech, free religion work better than the old despotisms and tyrannies. Why not try free love? As for the possible injury to woman, she cannot well be worse off than she is now. Does any woman of common sense believe that any single man is chaste or that any married man keeps himself pure and unspotted as he expects his wife to be? Now, if a woman or a man have made a bad bargain, there is no way out except by wrong doing—making bad worse. Then the evil will cure itself.

"But the children?" interupts Brother Tuttle. "Yes, that's so. The children," say I and other bystanders.

"The children," answers Mrs. Woodhull, "yes, the children! Well, just now we have children difficulties, too. A virtuous woman and a good mother has no right to the children, has she? The law turns them over to the man who may be the greatest scoundrel unchanged. Otherwise there are many abominable devices for preventing offspring. This, too, in spite of preachers and lawyers. It could not well be worse if love were matters of free contract and not of legal and social compulsion. There may be ways of providing for children should their natural protectors refuse to provide for them. Society does something of the kind now—Foundling Hospitals, Children's Emigrant Societies, Common Schools, and so forth."

And now, Messrs. Editors, please accept my apologies for thus trespassing on your space. I find in Mrs. Woodhull's suggestions much that calls for deep thought, though I am not prepared to follow her lead just yet. I am annoyed to see a writer only state as much of his opponent's case as he thinks fit, and that opponent a woman who is in earnest, and I wish to put the matter as I honestly understand it.

Respectfully,

Cleveland, O., January 1872.

STELLA.

Something About Fishing.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

In a late article in the *Banner of Light*, I said, "The investigation of Modern Spiritualism is like catching fish; one man goes to a pond or a river, casts in his line, gets no bites, catches no fish, goes home with an empty basket, says fishing is dull business; and the cynic is right in defining fishing, as a man holding a line in the water with a worm on one end and a fool on the other. Another man goes to the same place or another, that makes no difference, and catches a fish right off, then another, follows it up, has some lean periods, but succeeds well upon the whole, goes home with his basket of fish, says fishing is jolly fun, and likes it. Now, why this difference? It may be in the bait, it may be in the man himself, it may be in the disposition of the fish." The question is hard to answer, but as I have already said, it is exactly so with those who investigate spiritual manifestations.

Taking this piscatory illustration for my text, I will follow the thought, saying first, that it was my good fortune to catch a good fish the first time I tried which encouraged me through many a lean period spent in the business; for, remembering the big fish I once caught, I persevered, and great, from time to time, has been my reward.

I find a great many men who need this knowledge for their happiness as much as I do, and some of them more worthy, it would seem to me, of the spirit's attention, and who, though trying, do not receive satisfaction. I sometimes think there is an election in this *ism* as there is said to be in Calvinism; some are born to get the evidence, some are born not to. How glad I am, then, that I am one of the *elect*.

I lately arranged for a sitting for a friend with a popular medium through whom I had received some good tests, and it amounted to nothing. The man, my friend, was not only disappointed, but wondered very much how people, even sensible people, (I nodded, as he referred to me) could spend so much time for so little, and that little so poor. That man, you see, caught no fish, and I must say, if my experience did not cover a great many better results than that sitting, I probably should feel as my friend did, but, as I said, I caught a big fish the first time I tried, so I stick. Perhaps I cannot do better than tell this experience which is by no means a fish story, notwithstanding my text and illustration, and thus encourage others who have not been as successful. I did some fishing afterwards which, if it had been my first experience, I am afraid, I should have gone back discouraged, I never can now, for I know it will reward me as it has me, by following it up.

After my little girl, of about six years of age, had been called to the summer-land, the mother "catching at straws" for comfort, had gone, by some one's suggestion, to have a sitting with a medium, and getting somewhat interested, went to several, and for a while, quite often. She said occasionally to me, "John, I wish you would go with me and see what you think of it," and I replied "sweetheart, my little girl, if it be her, which I doubt, knows what message to send me, and when she sends it I will go with you and tell you what I think of it."

The facts were these, I had noticed that sweetheart was getting somewhat interested, and though I had no faith, I did not dislike the attention, for it seemed an innocent amusement and helped make her cheerful. One day, while all alone in the house and sitting in the library, my eye fell on the old time-honored bible which had and has a conspicuous place in my study, and remembering when I was a little boy no bigger than the little girl just "over the river," how serviceable it was to me, at meal-times, making my chair just high enough to feed conveniently; and with the thought came old familiar faces, and getting naturally sentimental, I began to think why it might not be a

reality that some of these old souls were not in the room, and whether it might not possibly be true that they might see us and even communicate with us. These were simply musings. I would not have said to any one that I thought so; but to myself I did think so, and, of course, the latest lost and most loved was the little girl of whom I have spoken; so I said, audibly, "Hattie, if you ever do come to your mother when she sits with a medium expectant, I want you to send me this message, *"E pluribus unum."* A feeling came over me that perhaps spirits could see better than they could hear (you see, I was very green then) so I wrote it also plainly, almost printed it, and locked it up in my desk. Of course, the message was not *"E pluribus unum,"*—I only call it so in this article. The one I wrote was very peculiar and one that would have no definite meaning outside of my family, and none in it, had it not been drafted into chamber service for a special significance; but as I cannot with propriety write it here, I use *"E pluribus unum"* for a substitute, so that I give my experience smoothly.

Now, one will know why I said to sweetheart, "Hattie knows what message to send to her father," no one knew what message I had in my mind, for I had mentioned the fact to none. A few days after this, when sweetheart was sitting with a medium, it was rapped out (after some other spirits had been communicating) the words, "*Hattie is here.*" Sweetheart then said, "Hattie, have you got any message for your father? the three raps in reply signified yes, and noting the raps by the alphabet, a friend holding the pencil and writing down the letters, they read, *"E pluribus unum."* Sweetheart was astonished, as any one would be, for the message (which I only call *"E pluribus unum"*) was not a suitable one for polite ears or eyes, but was full of meaning to her and me. There could not be a better test given, and one will see there could be no mind reading, for no one present knew the circumstances that occurred in my library.

Not to be too tedious in this narration, I will simply say when I came home that day, sweetheart, handing me a paper, said, "John, our little girl sends you this message." As I have already intimated, it was the message I asked for, of the circumambient air or of the invisibles, if any, that might be present, and what I had written on the paper, then locked up in my desk, *verbatim et literatim*. I need not tell the experience that followed this. I looked into the subject as I told sweetheart I would, if my little girl responded to my wish, and I can only say it was perfectly satisfactory. It was the big fish that I referred to at the commencement of this article. There is no satisfactory or even possible explanation, how that intricate message could be given as it was, except in the way usually claimed and which I accept, and I should be doing injustice to my intelligence or common sense for one moment to doubt, that that wish of mine was heard or read by the invisibles in my presence at the time, and who sent the message in response.

This was fourteen or fifteen years ago. I have had since a great many other evidences of the truth that spirits are human and conscious existences, and I am very happy in my knowledge of the life that follows this.

But I must not make too long a story. This early leaf of my experience will define where I stand. I am not unmindful that, in the pursuit of this subject, one finds an ocean of sac for a little bread, but where else can one find any bread at all? Not in the bible, unless Modern Spiritualism holds the light; not from the pulpits of the land on the point of a future life, for they are flat, stale and unprofitable to a man—so little or much, that is all there is, and I am thankful for that.

When I say, there is much sac and little bread, I am only acquiescing with the experience of many, or at least of some, but really speaking for myself. I find no fault, for I think I have had my full share of bread, and yet, like Oliver Twist, "I ask for more."

Olive Logan on Woman Suffrage.

BY H. F. M. BROWN.

Mrs. Olive Logan, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, writes:

"The subject of woman's enfranchisement has become so loaded with obnoxious features that what once seemed a fair protest against tyranny—taxation without representation—is now becoming a nuisance. It is also becoming a nuisance to me, and I am resolved to confine myself in future to a line of remarks which have done more toward winning me such fame and fortune as I possess, than anything I have said about suffrage. Unclean hands have been laid upon it—let it go."

Mrs. Logan has the right to withhold her helping hands and to stand idle and silent, while brave souls arouse the sleepy world to battle for justice. She knows her worth and her weakness. If she does not care for the ballot and has not strength to struggle for the *right*, beside some unfortunate woman, why, let her take refuge in some quiet haven. If "fame and fortune" is the prize we seek, other workers, the boldest and best, may throw down the oars and drift with wind and tide. The call is not for favor and fortune-seekers, but for earnest innovators who do and dare all for justice's own sake. The new evangelists are the rough hewers; they can well afford to work and wait.

"God's prophets before their scorners
Stand resolute and dumb!
But a thousand years of silence
And the world fall to adore,
And kiss the feet of martyrs
It crucified before!"

But I object to Mrs. Logan's stigmatizing the suffrage movement as a "nuisance," and her remarks about "unclean hands" is not modest. Has it been heretofore her good fortune to work with "clean-handed" people? Has not she mixed and mingled in her various professions with men and women of all castes? And has not Mrs. Logan passed through dark places and suffered shipwreck? Does she complain of the *roues*, the drinkers, the gamblers, the men who are morally bankrupt? Would she turn from the ballot-box because they are there? Supposing the leaders in the suffrage movement to be "unclean," what of it? Shall I be silent because my outlawed sister asks heaven's pity? Shall I fold my hands because a weaker than I outreaches her helpless hands to the angels, asking aid? Are we sure these branded women are indeed defiled? Are the world's judgments always just?

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull has been the great bugbear. Those who know best regard her as a white soul who walks among the angels, a woman who has been consecrated at God's own shrine, and sent forth, with a sweet benediction, to prepare the way for the coming of Justice, Mercy, Love, Charity. We wait in faith and hope for the good time when woman will scorn to defame a woman.

Chicago, Ill.

The only two Spiritualistic papers that give weekly answers and communications from the spirit-world, are the *Banner of Light*, and the *Medium and Daybreak*, published by James Burns, of London, J. J. Morse is the medium.

Q. Have the souls of the departed any kind of bodies? A. Matter is the servant of intelligence. The expression of intelligence is dependent upon organism. Immortality is rational, which necessitates for the everlasting intelligence the only methods whereby we are conscious of its existence, namely, an organism.

Q. Do the spirits of departed friends recognize each other in the spirit-world? A. Memory is a function of the everlasting mind, but its activity is controlled by circumstances, most prominent among which we find necessity and love. Loving our friends causes an excitation of memory, and bearing in mind our previous answer we shall see that recognition is a necessary sequence.

Q. Is the soul conscious of pre-existence in any body previous to its birth here? A. At a certain period of its existence the many phases of its pre-human existence will become part of its consciousness.

Spiritualism and the British Savans.

BY J. S. PATTERSON.

[Concluded.]

The opening address of Prof. Allen Thomson, President of the Biological Section, was for the most part a very excellent one indeed; but in regard to Spiritualism, we think he ventures rather far out to sea. He regrets "that a few men of acknowledged reputation in some departments of science have lent their names and surrendered their judgment, to the countenance and attempted authentication of the foolish dreams of the practitioners of Spiritualism, and similar chimerical hypotheses." He thinks it surprising that persons, otherwise appearing to be within the bound of sanity, should entertain a confirmed belief in the possibility of phenomena, which, while they are at variance with the best established physical laws, have never been brought under proof by the evidence of the senses, and are opposed to the dictates of sound judgment. He thinks the charge made against scientific men, that they have not investigated the facts of Spiritualism with thoroughness and candor, is not true. He claims to have done so himself, and he refers in this connection to Farady and Sharpey. He concludes as follows:

The phenomena to which I have at present referred, are, in great part, dependent upon natural principles of the human mind, placed, as it would appear, in dangerous alliance with certain tendencies of the nervous system. They ought not to be worked upon without the greatest caution; they can only be fully understood by the accomplished physiologist who is also conversant with healthy and morbid psychology. The experience of the last hundred years tends to show that while there are always to be found persons peculiarly liable to exhibit the phenomena in question, there will also exist a certain number of minds prone to adopt a belief in the marvelous and striking, in preference to that which is easily understood and patent to the senses; but it may be confidently expected that the diffusion of a fuller and more accurate knowledge of vital phenomena among the non-scientific classes of the community, may lead to a juster appreciation of the phenomena in question, and a reduction of the number among them who are believers in scientific impossibilities.

Since the meeting of the British Association Mr. Crookes has replied to his critics and published an account of other experiments in the "Quarterly Journal of Science." The medium's hands were made to communicate with the spring balance by means of water in a vessel, placed on the board which is attached to the balance; still the force acted as when the hands touched the board.

The argument of the Physicists and Biologists, that these phenomena are contrary to the laws of nature, and impossible, is no argument at all. If the phenomena were encountered in the every day experience of life, they would appear to be very natural, however difficult to account for. The ordinary manifestations of mind, we cannot explain, but they do not tax our credulity, we are so used to them. The natural forces often antagonize each other. Gravitation, a primary force of matter, draws substances towards the center of the earth; capillary attraction, another primary force, will draw fluids in precisely the opposite direction.

Magnetism, a secondary property of matter, will successfully antagonize gravitation and set up motion against it. We see no scientific difficulty in admitting the facts of Mr. Crookes experiments. The great difficulty for a mind of ordinary make, is to know really what causes the phenomena in question. This is not so easily determined as some suppose.

Mr. Crookes does not commit himself to the spiritual theory, though it is probably quite generally anticipated that he will eventually take that view of it.

The action of the Police Commissioners of New York, in prohibiting the members of the International Society from commemorating the death of some of their number by a general procession through the streets on Sunday, was in the interest of Catholicism, which is determined to crush, wherever it can, the principles which find expression in this Workingmen's Association.

Shall we Form Alliances with the Liberal Sects?

BY J. O. BARRETT.

This seems to be a mooted policy with some—with others an alarming apprehension.

Things that are old and dying cling to the fresh and vital for a longer breath. The decaying chestnut will send its root far off to sip up nutrition. So, in human relations, there is a dread of dissolution. The surest sign of their decay is when they put forth extra effort to survive. The church, for instance, compromised with Slavery for power, and Slavery, like a serpent, warmed in its bosom, deservingly stung the church to its very heart, the poison of which is still there.

What of the "situation" religiously? The spiritual gifts that gave rise to the church primitive, have been ignored and been smothered within its so-called "consecrated sanctuaries," and the church is and has been inspirationally dead for the last century. In our time, by a mighty force, not our own, those gifts have been planted again where they can thrive—in souls outside of the church. There they have gathered strength, till the name they bear—the beautiful name of Spiritualism—is becoming respectable, and the influence they exert is potent beyond all first anticipations. The truth is palpable and scarcely needs argument to defend it—that it is the mightiest religious power in the world. Both Protestant and Catholic churches feel it, and begin to acknowledge it.

Now, what? Why, the angel they scorned and pronounced a "prostitute," a "demon," they begin to notice, and wish to hail as a sister whom they are quite willing to take into their sectarian home! Let her go there to instruct, but not to stay too long, for prolonged association with the dead entombs the soul's intuitions. We are not willing she should betroth the church. Incongruous and unnatural marriages are humanity's greatest blunders and sources of the direst miseries. When Spiritualism is churchized, then get ready for an imposing funeral! It is crystalized when banded with creeds and ordinances. Is there any proof of this? Ask the spiritually dead in the church. Ask those once zealous Spiritualists who, for "messes of pottage" fell back into her voluptuous arms, seduced by her wiles, prostituted by her social vices, till service to the "lusts of the flesh" blasted all mediumship and quenched all angel light.

Spiritualism best thrives when its circles are sustained by the moral and intellectual vitality of its professed supporters; best acknowledged a power when it challenges others in the contest for primogeniture and right of position as spirit-born and spirit-guided.

Spiritualism dates in the laws of spirit-life, in the natural relations between spirit and its phenomenal embodiments or "manifestations." Spirit is its centre, its fountain, its causation. The oracles are the incidents of such forces, the signs and the proofs of immortality; they bridge us over to the other side, they link angel and mortal in fellowship, they are to our religion what the body is to its producing soul, they are the practical outgrowth of angel-ministry to keep fresh our hopes, to bud immortal beauty on the graves of the dead. Cutting off this resource of philosophy, light, and joy, would be as disastrous to man as the extinction of sunlight from the earth. A church relation is such extinguishment. Denying freedom, there is not room for higher thought; tied to creeds and popularized dogmas, there is no soul under its silks—only an automatic mummy; catering to senseless fashion, gambling with anointed political and social monopolies for power, its spirit is undemocratic and antagonistic with birthright-liberty, and is therefore a dead weight dragged all over the land.

In heaven's name, what is the gain of forming an alliance with such an institution? What the profit to mind, to soul, to human interests, in any possible direction? The sequence is death—spiritual death—the midnight, the eclipse of faith, the blight and utter ruin of the dearest consolations in human experience.

The plea is often made with the weak-kneed and time-serving neophants of Spiritualism, that the "Liberal Christian Churches," such as the Universalist and Unitarian, are not open to our serious charge, that they are free-minded and progressive. From the heart, I wish, in justice, this claim was true. Let facts be told. The effort of such churches to be ecclesiastic, fellowshipped by the orthodox, prompts them to excessive, suspicious watchfulness over their flocks, lest they be tainted with unpopular heresies. When a church is jealous lest it fail of Christian recognition, and is continually prating about its liberality lest freethinkers may not notice it, be sure it is clannish, sectarian and bigoted to the very core. The orthodox churches to-day have more of mediumistic life and breadth of liberal feeling than the so-called "Liberal Christian church!" There is a warmth of soul in devotion that schools to mediumship, in orthodox circles not found in the cold metaphysics of Unitarianism or the thread-bare doctrines of Universalism. The artificial heat of the one and the prismatic icebergs of the other are poor shifts for a Spiritualist to make.

Let us aim at a liberality that is protective to the principles we profess. Let us be charitable to all worshippers without the personal guilt of denying our own faith, so essential to others' good. Let us be generous-hearted, but maintain a dignity of position, winning respect by fidelity to what we know is true. Let us make Spiritualism a distinct religion, as its genius is, the angel's channel of spiritual life to our sick and dying hopes, and humanity's boon of consolation.

Glen Beulah, Wis., December, 1871.

Wendell Phillips and Anna Dickinson Contrasted.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *National Standard* thus writes about two lectures, recently delivered in that city before the Star Course, each from the above named parties, on the general subject of Political Reform. Of Mr. Phillips he remarks:

The lecture embraced the speaker's best thoughts on the labor question, and was mainly devoted to a consideration of this great perplexing, enigmatic theme, which promises to overshadow every other in the reformer's domain.

Miss Dickinson's lecture in this course comprised an exploration in the same broad field, that seemed largely to partake of the character of a patch-work of mere criticism. It was showy, attractive, and even dazzling, but it betrayed a poverty of substance and lack of genuine texture that becomes very perceptible by comparison with the remarkable affluence of thought with which Mr. Phillips so eloquently invested the subject. Conspicuous in her lecture was a shiftless groping about in pursuit of defects in his philosophy. Each discovery, whether real or fancied, was attended with an attack whose captiousness was more palpable than its force or skill. How feeble now seem those valiant strokes, even when aimed at the most vulnerable point!

Mr. Phillips sets people to thinking. That is a high merit for any lecture to possess. No one expects all to agree with every suggestion he makes, or every opinion he utters. It is natural for people to shrink from many of the propositions launched from the lips of such a radical thinker. But some of these ideas, conclusions and monitions are pure gold. Because others are not accepted, it is no evidence that they are not right; it is no reason why their practical application would not be good. To some minds he seems unnecessarily extreme in his positions and extravagant in his enunciations; but it is the prerogative of such a head and front in the arena of reform to be far in the advance, and essential that he should keep several paces forward in order to woo the multitude even a single step in his direction.

The grandeur of the lecture was in the motive behind and the object beyond. It was moved by the broadest humanity, and it aimed at the highest benevolence. Justice was demanded for the laborer—justice, better compensation for his toil, a position that would ensure to his life more of the joyous and less of the harassing, and a share of the higher opportunities that bless those who command them. So close the laborer often is to want and poverty, so near lie these to the borders of misery and degradation, and they to the verge of temptation, vice and crime, that the question how best and most efficiently to aid and befriend the laboring classes, becomes one of the most serious importance. Wendell Phillips is the master spirit in search of the key to the problem that this momentous question presents. Its solution involves the highest welfare of the community. Statesmen, politicians, reformers and philanthropists should give reverent heed to its appeal for their wisest counsels, profoundest reflections, and most judicious action.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1871.

BY JANE SENIER.

Before the rising of the sun
The old year's requiem will be sung,
The last of eighteen seventy-one!

Thus do the seasons glide away,
By easy stages day by day,
December's cold and sunny May.

Pause we a moment on the brink
Of the yet unsevered link;
Pause we to question and to think!

What of the joys, the hopes and fears
That follow in the track of years,
Of which no record now appears?

What of those Summer lands that lie
Beyond our little range of sky,
Yet all obscure to mortal eye?

And those dear faces that no more
Smile on us, as in days of yore,
Whose absence we so much deplore?

The winsome child, the gray-haired sire,
All that we love and most desire,
Where are they, I would enquire?

Gone to the long, long list of ages
That have no place on history's pages,
Unknown to patriarchs and sages.

Gone with the joys that childhood knew,
Gone with the loving and the true,
Whose days on earth were all too few.

My soul's responses answer no!
The centuries may come and go,
Their destiny we yet shall know.

Upon Time's verge to night we stand,
With life and death on either hand,
Waiting the magician's wand.

A moment and thy course is run,
A thousand church bells will have rung
The death of eighteen seventy-one!

But every throb and throe of thine
Will thrill to the remotest time,
And pulsate with a power sublime!

Silently with pen in hand
I recited the magician's wand,
But nothing could I understand.

And peering out into the night
My eyes beheld another sight,
A vision clad in vestal white.

Upon her forehead did appear,
In golden letters bright and clear,
"Welcome in the new born year."

But a dark shadow haunted me
That would not from my presence flee,
And yet no spectre could I see.

The stillness was broken by a sound
That seemed to fill the space around,
Its tone and depth was so profound!

These words were given unto me
"Thy soul has solved the mystery,
That which is, will always be."

"There is no beginning and no end,
Life and death together blend,
Each on the other must depend."

"The friends long lost return again;
They have the power to stay and stem
The waves that roll twixt thee and them."

"Their hands grasp thine, their faces glow
With smiles as in the 'long ago,'
Their tears in sympathy still flow."

The moonlight bright and brighter grew,
And all its tender witchery threw
On the fair form of seventy-two!

Mediumship.

To the friends in the Spiritualistic faith and the general public.—Having attested the mediumship of our brother worker, R. M. Sherman, through a most thorough and rigid investigation, and being fully convinced of his honesty and the genuineness of the manifestations, as given through him, I do most cheerfully recommend him to such as may be desirous of witnessing the basic and scientific phases of Spiritualism, as one among the best for physical demonstrations and tests, it has been my fortune to meet, and believe that while he would extend a most candid and cordial opportunity to courteous investigation, he will as truly appreciate any kindness or hospitality extended. ADDIE L. BALLOU.
—Cordington Republican.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

Epistolary Correspondence with Spirits.

The pleasant evenings spent with our brother, J. M. Peebles, at the harmonious and spirit-blessed circle, held by our devoted friends Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, of London, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to take part therein. The greater number of these meetings were reported in *Human Nature*, and in vol. IV., p. 220, is a very characteristic account of a seance, at which direct writing was obtained in an incredibly short space of time, and a lithographic facsimile of the writing accompanies the printed narrative of the circumstances. These writings always consisted of matter which was quite foreign to the minds of those present, including the medium. In Mr. Peebles' presence, extracts from ancient history and metaphysical subjects were chiefly communicated; and within the last twelve months, we understand, Mr. Everitt has received a series of valuable essays on religious subjects. The time has not arrived for them to be given to the world, but when it does, no doubt these pages will be read with pleasure.

Modern Spiritualism reveals one strange fact, namely, that all radical religious reformers, of whatever age of the world's history, work together in fraternal amity. This will astonish those who suppose that the apostles would be among the patrons of the religion taught in modern churches, and that the "church fathers" would still be found on the side of church dogmas. Such is not the case. On the other hand, these glorious pioneers of human freedom in the past still inspire the champions of religious liberty in the present; and those who are commonly supposed to be the founders of the Christian religion, are at this day busily inspiring those who are doing all in their power to supplant it by a better system. Nor need this be wondered at. The religious heroes of the past were engaged in the same war against creedal conservatism and hypocritical form, as occupies the unpopular, because uncompromising Spiritualists of the present age. Hence there is a parallel between the outspoken unorthodox Spiritualist of 1871 and his Judean brother of the year 31. Such holy sympathies, extending over a time-chasm of eighteen and a half centuries, is notably exemplified in the case of our dear brother Peebles, whose biography, just published, testifies to the close alliance between his labors and the celestial sympathies of the "beloved John." No one hits harder blows against "Christianity" than Peebles—and who dare question that in his doing so, he is not walking closely in the footsteps of those whom Christians pretend to hold in sacred reverence?

It has always been observed that Mr. Peebles is attended by those ancient spirit-forms and such was the case at Mr. Everitt's circle. The deep sympathy entertained for the spiritual pilgrims of Asia Minor, and even reverence for the ground on which they trod, brought to these meetings information descriptive of past events in the history of the holy places of the East; and though the matter communicated might not be in all cases either original or exhaustive, yet it indicated the tendency in operation.

After his return to America, in accordance with a promise made to "John Watt," the spirit-friend, who speaks in an audible voice, through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship, Mr. Peebles wrote the following letter, addressed to that spirit, care of Mr. Everitt:

Earth-Life, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 12, 1870.

To JOHN WATT, in the Summer-land.

BROTHER IMMORTAL—If memory serves me, I promised to write you after reaching America. Delay is not necessarily neglect. In the press of business, home matters, and lecture engagements, I have found no spare time till the present. Disrobed of mortality and measuring your lives by the good you do, time in your sphere of existence can be little more, I suppose, than a meaningless term. Though failing to write, I have not failed frequently to indulge in sweet and pleasurable remembrances of you, dear John, and of others in spirit life with whom I held delightful conversations; neither have I forgotten those good friends in London and the provinces who cordially welcomed me to their homes and hearts. These memories will ever linger as sunny spots along the shaded walks of a pilgrim's pathway. Beautiful are these emotions bubbling up from the fountain of unselfish friendship! Is not such friendship, is not such soul-sympathy a bud on earth to unfold and bloom for ever in the heavens?

Do you remember our theological sparring and metaphysical fencing concerning the mediatorial office-work of Jesus? Such interviews and interchanging of opinions are spiritually profitable when the disputants seek the elucidation of truth rather than victory. The Israelitish prophet exclaimed: "Come, and let us reason together," and Jesus said: "Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right."

In such major matters as the following we perfectly agree: God is love, governing the universe by fixed and established laws.

Man is a moral actor, an accountable being, rewardable for his virtues and punishable for his vices.

That the condition, termed heaven, is attained in no world, only through purity of life and holiness of heart.

That spirit-communion under the providence of God is not only a demonstrated fact but a powerful incentive to living a calm, true, and Christ-like life.

That progress and spiritual growth pertain to all worlds. But whether agreeing or differing, our aims, our purposes, and our heart sympathies are one—the perfecting of ourselves and all the conscious intelligences of "our Father who is in Heaven."

Since my return to America I have been exceedingly busy, writing, lecturing Sundays, and attending grove meetings. You are equally active in those higher spheres of existence. In a coming golden future I hope to join you. It is my great aim at present to be an instrument of harmonizing the different schools of Spiritualists. Our public assemblies lack order, enthusiasm, and devotion, and far too many lack religious culture. Oh, how my soul loves harmony, devotion, and consecration to the truth.

Permit me to ask you the following questions:

1. Have you met and conversed with spirits that teach incarnation?
2. If so, are they ancient or modern spirits?
3. Do they teach it as a theory or as a matter of fact of which they are conscious?
4. Is this spiritual movement in America and England meeting the expectations of those parliaments of spirits that inaugurated it?

Please remember me most kindly and cordially to your band of spirits and all others. Most sincerely thine for the good and the true.

J. M. PEEBLES.

This letter did not meet with an immediate response from the spirit. The cause of delay is not explained, but at a circle held at Mr. Everitt's, on the evening of October 11, 1870, the following answer was obtained in direct spirit-writing in the short space of seven seconds:

DEAR BROTHER PEEBLES—Some time back you wished me to answer you some questions. I will now take the opportunity of doing so. First, I have not met with spirits who teach re-incarnation, nor am I likely to meet with them in our sphere. Second, what you are doing in America I am not so well acquainted with, therefore cannot say if the movement is meeting the expectations of those bands of spirits who organized it; but here in England it is doing a quiet but steady work, and will no doubt roll quietly on until a full burst of triumphant victory will proclaim to all the world that man is an immortal, and that, give him but the conditions, and he will return again to the earth to prove it. Wishing you God speed in your work. Fraternally thine,

JOHN WATT.

The persons present at the seance were: T. Walmer, 11 John Street, America Square, E. C.; Hampden Wells, 5 Muddleton Place, Saddler's Wells, E. C.; C. W. Pearce, 6 Cambridge Road, Kilburn, N. W.; F. Everitt, 26 Penton Street, Pentonville; Thomas Everitt; Mary Ann Everitt.

These persons have subscribed their names to the document, testifying to the mode in which the writing was produced. Respecting this, a few words may not be out of place here. We have been frequently present when direct writing was given by the spirits. The writing generally occurs some time after the circle is constituted, and when the peculiar conditions necessary have been produced. Marked paper and pencils are put on the table and the company sit round in quiet harmony or pleasant conversation. Soon after the light has been extinguished a peculiar ticking sound is heard which continues while the writing is being given. The duration of this sound is timed by counting, and on its cessation a light is immediately struck when the piece of writing is found on the table. Various speculations have been entertained by clairvoyants and others as to the method by which the writing is produced. It has been supposed that the substance of the pencil is transferred in some peculiar way to the paper, like an electro deposit, because there would not be time to rub the point of the pencil mechanically over the writing in the very short time allowed.

One evening a curious fact occurred which may prove suggestive. The pencil had been imperfectly pointed, and a little niche in the lead caused the pencil to write in double line, and this double writing was found in several parts of the communication. This indicated that the point of the pencil had been applied to the paper in the ordinary way, and had been moved round as the writing proceeded.

These phenomena are of surpassing interest, and the bottom of their meaning has not in all respects yet been fathomed. In the future there is an age of work for those who continue to prosecute this investigation. The modern and familiar spirits who communicate at the circle, can give but little explanation. It appears that there are distinct orders of spirits, each of whom perform those duties at the spirit-circle which their degree of development and scientific acquisitions assign them. Hence, the every-day spirits of yesterday, who reflect back modern thoughts and every-day opinions, know as little of the sages and saints of antiquity as the "dwellers on the foot-stool." Verily, many of the communicating spirits are but "dwellers on the threshold." It takes a grand purpose to magnetically attract a grand spirit, and when the event does occur, the stupid, blind world cannot understand it.—From *Human Nature*, London.

Mrs. Woodhull in Boston.

BY A LADY RESIDENT.

Music Hall, Boston, the largest and most elegantly furnished resort in this or any other city in the Union, was thronged on the evening of Wednesday, the 14th instant, by an eager and expectant audience to hear Mrs. Woodhull's first lecture from the platform of this renowned temple of our modern Athens. Her subject was on "Social Freedom," than which nothing is more tabooed by the fashionable world, and none concerning which it needs more enlightenment. Having heard so much of this famous woman through the press, I confess to a woman's desire to see and hear her for myself and to judge her as I would wish to be judged; and also to witness how a Boston audience would receive so pronounced a radical in matters of social reform. It was my good fortune to obtain a seat upon the platform and close to the speaker. Precisely at 7:30 she appeared with Mr. John Wetherbee, formerly President of the Parker Fraternity, who after briefly alluding to his cordial sympathy with the sentiments of the distinguished lady, introduced her by name to the waiting throng. She arose, stepped forward, laid her manuscript on the desk, and for a moment glanced around upon the vast sea of faces that met her own.

Never did I see an audience, at opera or theatre, more anxious to witness the first appearance of a new "star" in the histrionic or musical heavens, than were this audience to obtain a good sight of the face and form of Mrs. Woodhull.

It is but natural to form some notion respecting those whose name is frequently before the public eye, and unquestionably many in that audience had come there with decided repugnance to the person and the opinions of the lecturer, based upon the misrepresentation of those whose interest seems to be to falsify and villify. I knew some who expected to see in her a bold, loud and coarse "blue-stocking." This expectation, however, never reached fruition. Her demeanor was very modest and retiring. The curious felt relieved. Mrs. Woodhull, evidently, is a lady of thirty-two or three years of age, medium stature, of nervous, sanguine temperament. Her hair is brown and worn short, being thrown loosely back from her temples. On this occasion she looked careworn as from recent illness. Her expression is a pleasant one and full of interest, causing one to know more of her real self. Her voice—she always uses manuscript—is not as is generally the case with those who read their lectures or sermons, monotone or tedious, but on the contrary, rich and melodious, full of magnetic tone and sympathetic feeling. One never tires of it. She was dressed in a suit of dark blue ladies cloth, made *a la polonaise*, trimmed with folds of black rept silk, a simple *ruche* around the neck fastened with a cluster of rosebuds—being free from all kinds of jewelry. The waist of the garment was fastened at the throat and then left open, partially displaying a linen bosom. For one, I was highly pleased with her simplicity and taste, with her ignoring of chignons, grecian bends, senseless long skirts, etc.

She spoke an hour and twenty minutes, holding all the time the undivided attention of her audience. The subject, matter and method of treatment were radical and revolutionary, as she doubtless intended it to be. The arrangement of its many telling points, together with its general argument, evinced great care, strength of statement and consecutive reasoning ability. None of her many critics, including the latest and most voluminous of them all, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, display half an equal capacity to her. Is it not worthy of note that the majority of Mrs. Woodhull's public opposers and contumners are of the masculine gender?

As a lecturer she overwhelmingly impresses one as

being thoroughly sincere and divinely in earnest. This is one of her most inspiring features. She throws her very soul into whatever she essays. It is a fundamental law of our humanity that earnestness, conviction, sincerity, beget their own likeness.

As a woman, I wish her every success in the great work to which she has been so specially called. I was delighted to hear her, and rejoice that she came to this city and gave Boston something to talk and think about. In this particular, no one ever achieved more abundant reward. The influence of her late visit is prolific of good.

Lectures.

The New Orleans *Daily Republican* is reporting Mr. Peebles' Sunday morning lectures, given in Minerva Hall. Here's an extract from the one in the *Republican* of the 10th. The speaker said:

On December 6, 1846, and some two or three years before, the word had been breathed of what was afterward known as the "Rochester rappings." A. J. Davis stated, and it so stands recorded in his revelations, that spirits were about to hold tangible communion with the inhabitants of earth. These were his words: "It is a truth that the spirits of the higher spheres commune with persons in the body by influx, although they are unconscious of the fact. This truth will, ere long, present itself in the form of a living demonstration."

And the world will hail with delight the ushering in of the era. These were "shadows," or premonitions and prophecies of the spiritual dispensation, which, from the invisible world, became signally visible and tangible in Hydeville, Western New York, known as the "Rochester knockings."

The beginning was minute, like Franklin's string and kite, ultimating in those magic cables that now girdle the globe; minute, like Arkwright's cog in the wheel, resulting in the screw steamers that now whiten oceans with their commercial cargoes; minute, like the telegraphic tickings that flash news to all lands; minute, like Newton's falling apple that revealed the marvelous law of gravitation; minute, like Jesus' birth in that Judean manger, precluding the cross before which millions bow in reverence. How true, that from the smallest events frequently flow the grandest results. Scientists, without an hour's investigation, pronounced the rappings "a humbug." In doing this, however, they put themselves upon an equality with parrots in their cages. It is admitted that these rapping sounds were but the alphabet leading to the reopening of the "book of life." Alphabets, however, are necessary in God's methods of education. Spirit is potent. Wherever there was a motion, there was mind or spirit force connected therewith as the motive power.

Consider the progress. It is now only some twenty-three years since the dawn of those gentle tappings that summoned secularism and sectarism to judgment. It was the voice of God through angels and ministering spirits. Defining Spiritualism to mean belief in the holding of conscious intercourse with the denizens of the spirit world, and Judge Edmond's estimate of eleven millions was undoubtedly under rather than over the actual number, as figures would show were an exact census possible.

Houses and homes, wealth and fame were mutable. The body was perishable. The spirit in it was the real man. The bones in the human temple may be considered the main timbers; the blood the watery element; the head the topmost story; the eyes the windows; while back behind these walls of flesh, blood, bones and nerves, the conscious immortal man lived, reasoned and arranged all plans of action. Death severed the copartnership between the body and the spiritual man. Earth returns to its earth. The spirit is free to roam in space, returning at will to the loved ones of earth. Memory is eternal. Love is a bud that opens on earth to bloom forever in the better land. These beautiful truths of Spiritualism brush away the mourners' tears; give the sweetest answer to prayer; inspire to the loftiest efforts, and bring the peace and joy of the heavenly life down to earth.

Those who accept the divine principles of Spiritualism, and live in them, enjoy that peace "which flows like a river." The most advanced Spiritualists have as yet but just entered the vestibule of the grand temple. They are yet to have their day of Pentecost. Emma Hardinge Britten, in referring to this spiritual movement, said inspirationally:

"Can we come to any other conclusion than that this Pentecostal day is to lead to the coming of a second Messiah? He is not yet in our minds; we are only listening to the voices crying in the wilderness. These voices come to us in the form of a spiritual science. But I do know that the baptism of fire is yet awaiting us, when we shall be found worthy. Fire consumes, but it does not annihilate; it changes, but does not destroy."

City Transit--Arcade, Viaduct and Tunnel Railways.

The question of city transit, considering the many and vast interests involved, is the most important pertaining to the welfare and future growth of the city—the day laborer, business man and property owner being alike concerned in its wise and speedy solution.

For years this problem has been discussed, and various charters have been applied for and obtained from the legislature. While some insist upon following precedent, and reproducing as nearly as Manhattan Island will admit, the tunnels and viaducts of the old country, others have devised plans better suited to this locality, and more attractive from the originality of its features. Of the former, the tunnel plan, represented by the Central Underground Company, though favored years ago with a very liberal charter, has failed to secure financial support. The pneumatic experiment has had a like experience, succeeding in building only a few rods under Broadway, and allowing, as shown by Governor Hoffman's veto message of last winter, their charter to expire by default. The Elevated Railway, after a weakly existence has been sold at sheriff's sale; while the Viaduct, the offspring of Tammany and the pet of Tweed and Sweeny, seems, to have sunk to rest with the organization from which it sprang.

Of the new plans proposed, several have been received with a degree of favor, and one, the Arcade, seems to meet all the required conditions, having been approved alike by engineers, the press, and the people, wherever its merits have been discussed and understood. When this plan was first presented to the legislature, its apparent magnitude and completeness caused some to hesitate; but after the most thorough examination ever given to any similar project, so conclusive was the evidence in its favor that, notwithstanding the concentrated opposition of rival companies, of omnibus lines and surface railways, of A. T. Stewart, and last and most potent of all, of the Tammany ring, the bill passed the assembly by one hundred and nine affirmative votes, and fell but one short of passing the senate. At the next trial, one year ago last winter, with the same elements of opposition, the bill passed the senate and assembly by a two-thirds vote. After the adjournment of the legislature, the influences referred to, and certain exceptions which Governor Hoffman took to the bill, but not to the project, caused him to interpose his veto against the charter.

At the coming session of the legislature, a bill, free from the objections made by the governor, and supported by a strong body of citizens, will be presented; and as the power of the Tammany ring, which has heretofore defeated this great enterprise, is now broken, there is every prospect that the bill will become a law. The plan is complete and unobjectionable, combining the advantages of all other projects and free from their defects. The enterprise will benefit everybody and injure nobody; and the legislature which shall authorize its construction, will confer lasting honor upon itself, and ever be gratefully remembered by our people.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. Beecher endorses Spiritualism.

At last Mr. Beecher has expressed himself on the subject of Spiritualism, and so clearly that there is no possibility of further doubt as to his position. He asserts that since the beginning of this world and its inhabitants have been acted upon by outside spirit influences, and brings forth the Bible to corroborate this assertion. He avers that what the world needs more than all else is a light which will show the impossibility of annihilation and insists that the one argument for Spiritualism which can defy all opposition, is the fact that it settles faith. That this plain exposition of opinion was due, in great part, to the mysterious phenomena which have presented themselves under the reverend gentleman's very face and eyes for the last few months none can doubt. The little pine table, just in the shadow of the pulpit, has been, according to all accounts, a most indefatigable worker for such exposition. It has tipped "in season" with a decorum one cannot sufficiently admire, rising straight from the floor with the singing, and bending low toward the minister with the benediction. Sometimes, however, this most orderly programme has been varied by mazurkas in prayer-time, and loud raps at the most impressive portions of the sermon have interfered materially with the enjoyment of more than one of the surrounding audience. Now, the fact of these strange manifestations cannot be disproved. They present themselves in full sight of the whole congregation; are not brought about by the skill of a professional medium, and are only a source of uneasiness and perplexity to the ladies whom they honor with their immediate presence. In order to take notes with any degree of accuracy these reporters have often been obliged to close round it again, for, thus exposed to public gaze, it brought them into most unenviable notice. The world has been waiting impatiently enough for Mr. Beecher to take public notice of this strange condition of things, but the pastor of Plymouth Church is famous for never doing what is expected of him; and so Sunday after Sunday has gone by, the table has danced, span, knocked, and been generally active, the people have looked on with emotions it were beyond us to portray, the reporters have alternately shivered and wondered, and Mr. Beecher has preached the love of God as placidly as if animate furniture were the most commonplace part of the divine economy. But finally, after his vast congregation had despairingly settled themselves to adopting this view of the case; after the pine gymnast had come to be regarded less an astounding interloper than an ordinary mystery, to be viewed as is the world itself, without especial wonder, he presents them with a straight up and down sermon in behalf of spiritual influence. Without particularizing as to this phenomena—in fact, without entering at all into its latter day developments, he has come out an undeniable defender of Christian Spiritualism. While few expected from so deep and liberal a thinker as Mr. Beecher an utter putting down of this doctrine, fewer still expected so thorough an upholding of it. A sort of half-way suit-everybody course was looked for; but the minister in question has utterly ignored the fence and stands in full right out on the radical side. Spiritualists all the world over will probably hereafter regard pine tables as missionaries extraordinary.—*N. Y. Standard.*

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Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

UNDERSTAND IT.—Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c., can be left with our agents at either of our Offices, or sent direct to the Central Office—but all other matters of business, and communications for insertion in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, must be sent to
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What's to be done, Politically?

Observing as we have and sensing as we do, the very general dissatisfaction and disgust which prevails throughout the country at the present status and prospective condition of the old political parties, and their lamentable inability or unwillingness to satisfactorily meet the vital issues which press upon the people for settlement, we are seriously constrained to ask the question which forms the caption of this article—what is to be done, politically? No citizen who thinks at all but knows it is a forlorn hope to expect any essential change for good by continuing in the old party ruts any longer; that it is folly to look for it, and out of all question to obtain it. A valued friend thus expresses our sentiment: "All who read the signs of the times, and are not crystallized into permanent structures, or who retain in any degree the elasticity of thought essential to wisdom, cannot fail of seeing that the present political parties, with their merits and demerits, have substantially finished their course." The Democratic party, as a party, have gone to seed. Its distinctive issues which once gave it prominence and vitality, long since became defunct. True, its leaders are afflicted with periodical efforts to galvanize it into temporary life, but without avail. There is no hope of its resurrection.

The Republican party, too, seems to have served its day and generation. Having done its work, pre-eminently a specific one, the removal of Slavery and the carrying of the country through war and reconstruction, it is getting ready to be laid aside. Being stricken with death, let no one seek to indefinitely preserve its corpse, because of its former prestige and vitality. Let it have, in proper time, as it deserves, generous burial and an enduring monument. Affectionately embalm its virtues, cherish its merits, and endeavor to improve upon its good deeds. Its existence was once a necessity. By virtue of that necessity it was born, grew mighty, and conquered. The same necessity exists to-day for another organization, like unto it in some respects, but broader, juster, more impartial and comprehensive than ever the ordinary Republican imagination dared conceive.

The inspirations of the hour already point to the formation of such a party, on a basis so complete and commendatory, and in accordance with principles so consistent and universal, that the good sense of the people, the throbbing heart of the masses, will gladly respond to its claims and rally to its support. They only await the signal call, which will also arouse the great army of reformers and men of intelligence in every section of the country, who for years have eschewed party politics, to again enter the ranks and battle with renewed zeal and courage for Progress and the Rights of Man. The country is awakening

to the fact that the realities of national life, instead of being seriously, conscientiously and intelligently considered, are but sported with. As heretofore, the real bone of contention between the prominent political parties, is the possession of the goose which lays golden eggs. The struggle for success is still the spoils of office. The exciting stimulant is pelf, place and power. Now so long as this kind of selfishness is the main spring and guiding star of our political action, there is no political hope. A cry, wrung from the people's heart, goes up to heaven for change. The times are pregnant with movements of a revolutionary character. The enfranchisement of woman; the settlement of disputed questions by arbitration; the sequestration and civilizing of our Indians; prohibiting criminal wastefulness of the public domain; the revocation of corrupt grants of land subsidies to railroads and other monopolies; remodeling our laws of taxation and usury; enforcing public education and civil service; reducing government expenses; simplifying national affairs; abrogating, by making uniform, conflicting statute laws respecting marriage and divorce;—not only these and other essential reforms are to be effected through the machinery of politics, the principles of which, according to Burke, are merely those of morality enlarged, but the most vital problems of a free government are yet awaiting solution.

In ascertaining what is to be done, the question naturally arises, what is wanted? We answer in general terms—improved legislation. This necessitates another and a better class of legislators; honest and intelligent men and women who will not favor corporations, institutions or combinations of any kind, however powerful, at the expense of the people; who will no longer tolerate the subversion of the rights of the humblest individual to the aggrandizement of any special class, but on the contrary, who will insist upon extending equity and justice alike to each and all, guaranteeing the broadest individual freedom compatible with the public good; in the administration and execution of the laws, legislating in the interest of the people and for the people.

We have said, nothing can reasonably be expected from either of the political parties but a futile attempt to bolster up and prolong the present unfortunate condition of affairs. Thus the way is clear and the necessity imperative to organize another party, or form a basis of action wherein the principles of equal rights and impartial justice shall have full and free play.

All the political signs portend a *New Departure* more marked and significant than any which the ordinary politician either dreams of, or discerns. If equal to the necessities which underly and call it into being, it will be of a character sufficiently catholic and comprehensive, and adapted to all its ends, as to gather all the various elements in the great body politic which now find no satisfactory channel to express itself, and uniting these forces into one grand and resistless body, immediately inaugurate a New Party on a higher, wiser and more humanitarian basis than any of the past, and march forward to victory.

Change of Office.

Those of our readers who find it convenient to transact business through our Cleveland office will find it now located at 114 Ontario street. Our office in Cleveland is in charge of Mr. C. M. Nye, a very worthy, reliable business man, whom our many readers in that city and throughout Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, can leave their subscriptions with for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly and Lyceum Banner, and all orders for spiritual or liberal books; and Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, will be promptly attended to in a business like manner.

Southern Sights and Scenes.

NUMBER FOUR.

Yesterday was Sunday—Christmas Sunday—the great jubilee day of the South! Once a year is often enough. Cities differ in the observances of feasts, fasts and celebrations as do individuals. The roar of guns, the sputtering of fire-crackers, the signal bells for service, theatres and circuses, with church decorations, Christmas trees and bewitching carols, constituted the sunny side of this festal day, while drunkenness, stabbing affrays, mysterious shootings, and assassinations made up the shady side.

John Robinson's circus at Tivoli Circle, seriously affected my audience Sunday evening. It was only two squares distant. Just here look at a bit of policy. Up North this is "Yankee Robinson's Great Show," and "Southern chivalry" is taken off by the clowns, but now it is "Old John Robinson's world-renowned Circus and Menagerie," and under the tent "Northern carpet-baggers" are shown up in no very enviable light. Running with "hares and hunting with hounds"—this is policy. Hades has hosts of such hunters, hunting for a "drop of water." During the Sunday evening's lecture upon the "conception, education and mission of Jesus," three Baptists left in "holy horror." The idea that Jesus was begotten like other men, ate, drank, slept, grew in stature, went to Egypt, joined the Essenians, cultivated his mediumship and died a martyr, was to them blasphemy!

THE MACE-COBURN FIGHT.

Reaching this Crescent City from Memphis, we saw crowds about the telegraphic stations. "What's up?" was the natural enquiry. "Oh, it's the great day of the Mace and Coburn fight; they've gone just over the line, and are at it now." It seemed by the papers that these men "come to time, shied their beavers," and unmercifully pounded each other for over four hours in the presence of nearly a thousand people. It was war on a small scale; nothing more. The *Evening Picayune* told us that the witnesses of this fist duel were those generally of the "better classes; among whom were legislators, representatives of the bench and bar, the medical profession, bankers, brokers and cotton merchants, while the sporting community was out in full force. What a comment upon the real status of this professedly enlightened age:

Joseph Coburn was interviewed in Cincinnati, the other day, regarding his recent dispute near New Orleans. "This fight," said the great man, "was my last one." He will get pleasantly drunk every night and roam the streets of New York, "licking" people in a miscellaneous manner. Occasionally he will get into a police court, to be released on bail, and never called for trial. By and by he will buy a saloon and transact a legitimate business. Behind his bar he will gradually wax fat and old, taking a hand in the little arguments in his vicinity merely by way of pastime. He will have a diamond breastpin and amuse himself with ward politics after the manner of a retired statesman. Then he will die, being previously interviewed in a respectable manner by all the New York reporters, and then he will be followed to his grave by a large concourse of people, not a single one of whom knew him but to love him. It is a pleasant picture.

Sensible man that wrote the above paragraph. When will the American masses come to comprehend that true civilization does not consist in the muscle and sinew of pugilists, the size of armies, the strength of navies, the splendor of public edifices, or the magnificence of monuments, but rather in industry, the pursuit of agriculture, and the diffusion of mental and moral knowledge, based upon the principles of justice and purity, sympathy and fraternity. No Spiritualist can consistently engage in war or encourage pugilism in any form.

SUGAR AND RICE.

The sugar cane, a native of India, was introduced into Spain by the Saracens, thence to Maderia, thence to the New India Islands, and finally into Louisiana. It is delightful to visit these cane plantations and witness the improved methods in sugar

manufacturing. An enterprising Bostonian owns a large plantation just across the river from New Orleans. Some of the workmen should study neatness. Sugar is to be eaten. The ribbon cane, or Japanese variety, is now most generally grown through Louisiana and the South.

Rice, everybody knows, is a water plant, though a gentleman tells me there's a highland variety that does well in the sandy pine lands, providing there is sufficient silica in the soil. The yield is greater to the acre than that of corn. It is sown from the first of March to the first of June. The fields along the banks of the Mississippi are flooded by admitting the water through cuts in the levees. The flooding, besides producing moisture for the plant, destroys all grasses and weeds that are not water plants. The process is labor-saving in the line of cultivation. The fields are sometimes sown in drills two feet apart. In consequence of suckers, however, it will cover the whole surface when grown, the same as if sown broadcast. Farmers generally cultivate oranges immediately upon the river, and rice upon the rear-lands. But millions of acres here in the South, as in the Great West, lie untouched by plough or hoe. In this degenerate age of excitement and sensation alisms, the young men of the land prefer city lives to country homes. There are orange, sugar and rice lands enough between New Orleans and the Balize to supply a continent if they were all well worked. A change is coming. The principle of co-operation or communism is a growing one.

RICE EATERS.

Baboo, K. C., Sen., when visiting London some two years since, was perfectly horrified to see the English stow away into their stomachs such numerous quantities of beef and bacon—corpses of dead animals. He had never touched meat in his life. Elder F. W. Evans, a perfect picture of health, has not tasted meats in over forty years. Next to the Shakers—the Israelites are the healthiest people in the country; healthy, because they utterly ignore the use of swines flesh. The hardest workers of India and China are rice eaters. This food conduces to strength as well as health. Prof. Liebig says the importance of fruits as food is not sufficiently prized. Grains and fruits growing and ripening in the sunlight afford a spiritualizing sustenance. Gregory Nazianzen, eminent in the past as an author, subsisted entirely upon bread and herbs. Ambrose never broke his fast till noon. St. Bernard ate only coarse bread. Franklin was abstemious. The Combes ate no meat. The Psalmist of old speaks of “man's eating angel's food,” which was certainly not the flesh of animals.

RAMIE CULTURE.

“What's that?” Read, oh “scion” of the Puritans, and find out. The plant is a native of the Island of Java, growing there in the form of a vine. It propagates in that tropical country by seed, but not in Louisiana. It is chiefly valuable for its fibre, though from the woody parts are now being manufactured billiard balls; handles for surgical instruments, resembling ivory; elegant writing tablets and parlor ornaments. The plant thrives on all rich soils of the Gulf States, and admits of four or five cuttings a season. The fibre shown us by Mr. Hall, president of the association for its culture, was a pearly white, and glossy as silk. It will in time largely take the place of flax, hemp, cotton, and even silk. It is propagated by roots, and planted any time from September to December. One man may cultivate fifty acres, and one acre will produce if well cultivated, from ten to twelve hundred pounds; price in market, from ten to seventy cents per pound, according to quality. Ladies whose heads lack a full supply of natural hair use the manufactured fibre to supply the deficiency. It is doubtless healthier than hair cut from the heads of the “dead.” Though rare now-a-days, it is pleasant to look at a woman's

cranium not sandwiched between powder and paint in front, and ramie fibre or some other worse wadding plastered upon the back-head. When ends this reign of dragging trails and flapping waterfalls?

CO-OPERATION.

The principle is beautiful, and the practice infinitely better than starvation or strikes. Mrs. Hyer, one of the earliest mediums in the country, has received a plan from the spirit-world, for the establishment of co-operative homes at Altior, La. The inner plot is circular, and the whole suggestive of that better state of society towards which our aspirations tend. These lands are sixty miles north of New Orleans, on the Tangipahoa river. The country is high and rolling, with pine, oak, hickory, &c. The climate, same latitude as that of Florida: the water is excellent. Altior is on the highlands, two and a half miles from the “New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern R. R.,” and forty-five miles east of Baton Rouge. These inviting acres produce cotton, sugar-cane, grains, sweet potatoes, grapes, strawberries, peaches and figs, in abundance. The lands sell from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per acre. There is fine material in the vicinity for brick. The circular plan, as drawn by the spirits, is calculated for twenty families, each owning one within the circle and one or more without. The interior of the circle is to be common property, for library, instructions, gymnasium, amusements, &c. The signs of the times point to co-operative trades and homes. Address, N. F. Hyer, Independence, La. They are not only excellent people, but Spiritualists, and will give full particulars.

A. B. WHITING AGAIN.

Mrs. M. J. Hollis, a most excellent medium from Louisville, Ky., is now in the city giving seances. The slate-writing tests are marvelous. Holding the slate under the table a few moments, the following was given us, the signature being a fac-simile of Mr. Whiting's, as a comparison proved:

“Bro. Peebles,—You are kind to so often think of me since my translation. Deeply do I sympathize with you and others in their arduous labors. The field workers are passing one by one from earth to our world of immortality. And as the ranks grow thinner, so the heavier work falls upon the veterans, and you are one. We who have passed over shall aid you. This is no idle promise, for our work is one. I want you to tell all my friends that I have realized to the fullest extent the true and beautiful doctrines I taught while on earth—now am I reaping the bountiful harvest. I am fully paid, dear Brother, for all I ever did; so will you be. Work on, then, with a clear head and a cheerful heart. Be not discouraged that your ideal is not attained—divine currents are deep and sure of success. When Eternity's gate opens and you enter our world, your reward will be great, and a host will meet you on the shores of the grand forever. Truly your friend and brother,

A. B. WHITING.

These are cheering words to all our faithful workers in the spiritual harvest-fields of earth. Mrs. Charles Rice, of whom we before spoke, continues to give seances with excellent success. Her mediumship is unquestionable and her manifestations marvelous. The seance and the platform are mutual helps, admitting of no divorce.

THE FIRE FIEND DISCOVERED.

It was reported that a cow in Chicago kicked over a kerosene lamp, and the city went up in smoke and flame. It seems to have been a mistake. God burned the city for its wickedness. The *Chicago Advance* is sure of it. That sectarian journal says:

“God's wisdom and love saw the blow to be necessary, . . . and he had the firmness to inflict it. . . . There is something sublimely solemn in such an act of God, which, to the thoughtless and wicked, seems heartless, but which, in reality, is the supreme grandeur of moral courage, which dares to do a right thing at immense cost.”

Substitute “devilish” for “solemn,” and there's a nearer approach to fact. It would then read, “There's something sublimely *devilish* in such an act of God!” Admitting this “right thing”—God firing a city—to be a special Providence, how happens it that churches were burned, while (to put it

in George Francis Train's terse style) “brothels, boarding houses and prostitution dens were left standing.” Surely,

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

ITEMS.

Thomas Gales Forster commences, the first of February next, to fulfil a year's engagement in New York. Report has it that Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is to lecture in the city also for a year. Can it be that New York is to have *two* “settled speakers?” Moses Hull is meeting with great success in Memphis, and everywhere else. Our ranks have no better debater. He is to be followed by E. S. Wheeler, one of the keenest and most logical speakers in the field. The *Weekly World*, published in Helena, Arkansas, has each week a Spiritualistic column. This indicates liberality in the journal and progress in the people. We are invited to Texas to help organize a State Convention of Spiritualists. Cannot go.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

This day brought the first number of the *Banner* we've seen since the great western conflagrations. Thanks for the sight. Destructions and resurrections have improved all of the Chicago papers. This January number is beautiful outwardly; and interiorly—touching the reading matter—rich and inviting. Have wealthy Spiritualists made you whole, Mrs. Kimball, in your losses? Have they added largely to your subscription list? Does every reader of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST take the *Lyceum Banner* also? If not, we ask, plead, beg of them to subscribe.

THE OLD YEAR.

Gone—forever gone in the seeming; but alive, everlastingly alive in the reality of stern results. There is no absolute destruction in the universe. Among the vivid events of the past year that flash up before us, may be numbered the French and German war, the terrible siege of Paris, and the fratricidal strife at the French capitol; the humiliation of Pius IX; the unification of Italy; the enthronement of the Italian government in Rome; the organization of the “Cosmopolitan Internationale;” the burning of Chicago, and the appalling forest-fires of the great Northwest. These, with unnumbered millions of events and personal circumstances, are photographed upon the mental sensorium, making up the life-volume to be read in the clear atmosphere of the spiritual world.

THE NEW YEAR.

This festal day comes to us in New Orleans all sunny-faced and rainbow-crowned. Surely, God and angels, immortals and mortals, are good—all good. Kind friends have sent or brought us wreaths, flowers, and fruit-burdened orange boughs, the emerald leaves of which, symbolizing peace and good-will, remind of that mystic “tree of life” which blooms and bears a rich abundance for all humanity. Seeing, sensing the world as it is, our soul, though touched with a subdued sorrow, is calm and worshipful. Nights have their mornings, and seas of tears their pearls of profit. We have judged no man to-day but having first arraigned, have sat in judgment upon ourself. Reflections and self-examinations are spiritually wholesome. No envy, malice, or ill-will rankles in our bosom. If a solitary human being—if fellow-pilgrims in this or any land, will tell how when or in what way we have wronged them, right gladly will we make amends. It is easier, say our immortal teachers, to do this on earth than after the passage into the “silent land.” The philosophy appears reasonable. Professing no perfection, we are not conscious, however, of designedly injuring *any*—further, there's not a moral intelligence living towards whom we do not feel perfectly fraternal, and for whom we would not take pleasure in doing any reasonable favor or kindness. Help and be helped, love and be loved, bless and be blest, exercising

charity towards all, these are the sentiments that bubble up from our being's depth.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,"
And hide the fault I see."

Impersonal angels are ministering at our heart's altar this moment; they are patience and forgiveness, peace and love. Tennyson puts down patience as the meekest of the graces. Considering the temptation and tears, the trials and pressing crosses of life, its mission is strikingly beautiful. While patience trusts and waits, wisdom weaves the crown.

Forgiveness. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," were the divinest words that dropped from the lips of Jesus. They expressed the culmination of the Christ principle. Forgiving is often easier than forgetting an injury. Both are possible, testing the moral altitude attained. To die for an enemy is divine; to live for one is God like. To fiercely defend one's self; to vilely avenge wrongs is a tacit confession of weakness. The genial, forgiving soul wears a perpetual halo—the crown of life.

Peace. "Peace on earth and good will towards men," song of angels over a Syrian birth! Good for evil, blessing for cursing, peace for discord, are seraph songs wrought into the real. "Let us have peace," needs this addition,—by initiating and individually practicing peace principles ourselves. As peace is one of the chief attractions of heaven, it should reign in every land, city, family and heart. Folded under the wings of immortal peace, we ascend higher and higher in thought and deed, nearing the peace-planes of angelic life.

Love. This is the burden of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Whether these be tongues, prophecies, mysteries, or knowledge, these shall vanish away; but love being a divine principle, envieth not, vaunteth not, behaveth not unseemly, is not easily provoked; hopeth all things, beareth all things, and suffering long is kind. It is the redemptive power, the healing panacea, the silvery sea over which mortals sail to the shores of the better land. Reigning in each heart, love should be a household god.

The world is old and the world is cold
And never a day is fair, I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again;
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a silver strain.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"The Bond of Peace"

Is the name of a small monthly sheet published in Philadelphia, professedly, as its title implies, in the interest of peace. Imitating the example of the Church, however, it professes one thing and practices another. Loudly pretensions in advocacy of non-resistant principles, it nevertheless permits no opportunity to occur that it does not let fly at an opponent after the most approved style of the professional shoulder hitter. Its pacific claims appear to be the thinnest kind of a cloak for its pugnacious editor to attack everybody, every cause and every movement, however reformatory and humanitarian, which the narrowness of his mind fails to measure or comprehend. For his coarse flings, ill-considered assertions and bigoted opinions generally, respecting Spiritualism, he was lately taken to task by some of his own subscribers. On his characterizing Spiritualism "as a most damnable delusion," and charging every form of evil upon many of its supporters, a well-known peace advocate, and no less a prominent Spiritualist, felt to withdraw his subscription from so inconsistent and one-sided a journal. The editor's

reply to which, was full of petty spleen, of misrepresentation and sophism. Indeed the exhibition of this spirit was so marked and offensive in the preceding issue that a lady contributor, the honored Secretary of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, had to bestow a merited castigation for his unjustifiable harshness of expression. Her rebuke is replete with sense and sentiment, as the following extract shows:

Language is an index of the purity of the spirit within, and we must judge of that according to the chaste and refining expressions or the coarse and vulgar ones which find utterance from each individual soul.

As representatives of the beautiful philosophy of peace, should we not endeavor to clothe our words and actions in the white garb of its purity and beauty? and should not the editor of a peace paper in an especial manner carefully guard the tone and character of its contents?

No one, it seems to us, not callous to all delicate sensibility, but would feel the pungency and justness of such criticism. This specimen of a "peace" editor, however, can find in it only an opportunity to indulge his natural propensity to ridicule and play the buffoon. Ammunition and argument, peaceful or otherwise, are alike wasted upon such a person.

Spiritualists of New York.

We have only time before going to press with this, our second issue, from our New York office, to remind you that a paper devoted especially to the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, is now published in your city. Considering the number, intelligence, wealth and influence of the Spiritualists of New York city, it has been a matter of surprise to Spiritualists in other parts of the country, that no Spiritualist journal was published here.

That wonderment will now cease. The publication of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is not a new enterprise, as it is already permanently established, having just entered its fifth volume, and having so increased its circulation as to justify the establishing of different offices as advertised, with a CENTRAL OFFICE in this metropolis.

We need not tell you that subscribers are always wanted—always acceptable. And need we say that we expect every Spiritualist in this city to take our paper? We certainly do. And therefore we shall publish a paper that every Spiritualist will want, and none can afford to do without.

Our sole object in undertaking this extra labor, and offering our paper in connection with the "Weekly," at a figure which renders them both *really a gift*, is to obtain a larger circulation, so that where thousands now read these truths of Spiritualism, tens of thousands may soon be perusing and feasting upon them.

A glance at the unequalled *low rates* of our subscription price must satisfy any one that we mean *business* in this direction.

How many subscribers to our paper shall we have in New York city? We hope it will not take a year for the Spiritualists to answer this inquiry. No one else can do it.

We shall not pause for a reply, but work right on, knowing that, at last, the worker wins.

Please remember that the central office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is located at 29 Beekman street, where we shall be happy to see our friends, or receive their subscriptions.

A. A. W.

Letters Answered.

Those of our friends who have written to know why their AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST did not come, will have received No. 1 of Vol. 5 before this, and therefore understand the cause of the delay.

Receiving the paper is all the reply those letters will need, but if any of our subscribers do not receive the SPIRITUALIST promptly, or *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, who have ordered it with our paper, we hope they will report to us at once.

A. A. W.

Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.

The above-named gentleman publicly renounced Unitarianism in his pulpit, in this city, last Sunday, and announced that henceforth he should work with the Congregationalists.

Though a very unusual, it was not an unexpected step, by any means. We, in common with others, have seen for some time that his sympathies were not with the Unitarians, but rather with Jesus Christ. We understand that the trustees of his church notified him the evening before, that his services were no longer wanted, which speaks well for them, and serves to show that, although individuals may occasionally leave the ranks of liberalism, the tendency of the race is to liberal thought.

The following pertinent remarks we find in the *Commonwealth*:

"It is as we expected. Mr. Hepworth announced his departure from Unitarianism, last Sunday morning. His sermon was a queer mixture, made up of scraps of personal history and intimations of a religious experience which will probably be new to most people, hits of Dr. Bellows, criticisms of the Unitarians, flings at the radicals, compliments to all denominations, particularly to Jesus Christ, who, it appears, has consented to take Mr. Hepworth's arm and also to put his arm about Mr. Hepworth's waist, and hold him up and keep him steady and respectable. But it has the one merit of directness, for it says squarely that henceforth he shall work with the Orthodox Congregationalists, and intimates that he wants a great popular church of which faith in "Christ" shall be the creed and rallying-cry. Mr. Hepworth's Trinitarianism is as yet in an exceedingly inchoate and confused condition. He holds merely that Christ is a part of the godhead, an incarnation of God's love for the salvation of souls. But in this he is behind John Weiss, and Samuel Johnson, and Frothingham, and Clarke, who all hold that not only Jesus, but any other good man is an incarnation of God's love and a part of the Godhead. It is Mr. Hepworth, and not the radicals, who is bound up in negations. But thinking was never his forte, and ideas form no part of his stock in trade. From his sermon it appears that it is not so much the theology of liberalism that he had got tired of—for that is a matter he never knew anything about to speak of—but its unorganized and unsectarian condition. He is tired of out-of-doors and rushes into the house in order to keep from catching cold, which is a precaution altogether creditable to his physiological instincts, though indicating very tender sensibilities.

"The Debatable Land."

This excellent and valuable contribution to Spiritual literature should be found in every family. Mr. Owen has done humanity a real service in giving the world this entertaining volume at this time. As a writer, Mr. Owen presents his views modestly, but with singular clearness and force.

This work promises a most extensive sale. From a private note received from the author, we learn that four thousand copies of "The Debatable Land" were sold in forty days after its issue from the press. The book is elegantly bound, as are all of Carleton's publications. Price \$2.00; postage paid. For sale at the offices of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. We intend soon to publish a more extended review of this work.

Reception.

The friends of Bro. Thomas Gales Forster, in Boston, gave him a most cordial reception, Tuesday evening, of this week, by meeting him in social assembly, at Eliot Hall, where were convened as many as the rooms would comfortably hold. Conversation, general handshaking, fraternal speeches, etc., by Rev. Forster. Prof. Dayton, Dr. Gardner, and others, made the occasion a very pleasant affair to all who attended.

What Name?

Some one in Goshen, Ind., sends ten cents for a copy of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and asks also for a copy of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. There is no name signed to the letter. Please send your name, and we will forward the papers desired.

The Washington Convention.

The most successful Convention of Woman Suffragists probably ever held in this country, and without doubt the most far-reaching in its influence in the direction of accomplishing what the "fair ones" demand, was that which concluded its sessions of three days last week, Friday evening, at Lincoln Hall, Washington.

The sessions were not only well attended by intelligent, earnest men and women from all parts of the country, but there was a hearty enthusiasm manifested by both speakers, and the large audiences who crowded in the spacious hall plainly showed the increasing interest manifest in this subject. Among the more prominent leaders in this movement, in attendance and participating in the convention were: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Victoria C. Woodhull, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Isabella Hooker, Mary F. Davis, Paulina W. Davis, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Laura De Force Gordon, Laury Cuppy Smith, C. Fannie Allyn, Dr. Mary Walker, Addie L. Ballou.

Congress seemed to be possessed of a more gallant spirit than upon former occasions, the Judiciary Committee of the Senate granting a respectful hearing to a committee of ladies appointed by the convention to present the subject to that honorable body.

We have reason to believe that ninety-nine intelligent Spiritualists out of every hundred are in favor of woman's suffrage. A digest of the proceedings of the convention will be published in our next week's issue.

We heartily congratulate the women of the country upon the rapid advance their cause is making, seeing that the day is not far distant when their triumph becomes inevitable.

Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts.

Governor Washburne, the newly-elected chief-magistrate of Massachusetts, in his late inaugural, has friendly words to say concerning the subject of woman suffrage, though, *mirabile dictu*, the ground upon which he rests the claims of women to the elective franchise is that of policy instead of principle. This is as far, however, as the Republican party, even in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, dare go.

Large bodies, proverbially, move slow, obedient to the primal law of development, upheaval comes, which, in political matters, usually takes the form of revolution—radical change. In such connection, this means nothing less than a forward movement, directly into the camp of the enemy. When that day comes, political Republicanism, as now expounded, will prove but hay and stubble.

Governor Washburn says:

"Numbers of those in whose judgment I have great confidence, are of the opinion that she will not only be able to maintain her present position, but do much to purify the ballot-box, clear the political atmosphere, and soften the asperities of political strife. While I have many misgivings in reference to this subject, and am of the opinion that, if the decision of the question were left to the women themselves, a large majority of those in this State would declare against the change, I am free to confess that there are some moral issues, vital to the well-being of the Commonwealth, and in the solution of which woman has a deeper interest than man, upon which I should like to have her views expressed in a more direct manner than is possible under our laws as they now stand."

Spiritual Lectures in Washington.

C. Fannie Allyn lectured last Sunday at Harmonial Hall, Washington, D. C., to a large and interested audience. Her discourses sparkle with instruction profound, a keen satire and mirth-provoking witticisms. She is one of the most marked mediums of positive spirit control on the rostrum of any unconscious trance speaker we have ever heard.

She is one of the few speakers who receive their subjects from the audience, and in this impromptu

manner, successfully analyze the subject given. Sunday morning a variety of subjects were handed up to the desk, and among them was that dreaded subject, "free love!" Would the spirits be kind enough to give their opinion of this frightful word and what it signified? This was the subject, and most eloquently did they cause their medium to elaborate upon this subject, very much as if the spirit of some disembodied Woodhull had full control.

A clear distinction was drawn between "free love" and "free love" with such apt illustrations, so well befitting the subject and the logic of its consideration, as to impress the audience most sensibly that spirits are not so easily frightened at the term, "free love," as are some mortals. A beautiful impromptu poem concluded the morning lecture.

In the evening, to a much larger audience Mrs. Allyn gave a most eloquent lecture on "elements of organization and individual control," subject selected by the audience. We shall give a synopsis of this lecture in our next issue. At conclusion of the evening lecture, a poetic dialogue was given, denoting "charity and despair," (subject given by the audience) in such a masterly, dramatic personation, as must have convinced all who heard it that the little fragile mortal, C. Fannie Allyn, was but the well-tuned instrument, which the grand old masters of thought and eloquence were using to give expression to the melody of their souls.

The audience evinced their appreciation at conclusion by hearty applause.

Mrs. Allyn speaks in Wilmington, Delaware, this month.

More Courage than Strength.

During our recent brief trip to Washington, we were informed by Mrs. Hattie J. French, the test medium, that there was one Spiritualist in the city we ought to see. In answer to further inquiry we were told that the person referred to was a great sufferer, having been confined to her bed over four long years by rheumatism.

Although pressed with business, we felt it to be our duty, as a fellow-being and as a Spiritualist, to visit the sufferer. In a little back, dark room, stretched upon a bed, as helpless as an infant, we found Rebecca H. Lyon with a small orphan girl, her only attendant. In answer to our inquiries, we found she had been a volunteer nurse in the army. Walked from Alexandria to Fairfax Court House, Va., to attend a brother who was wounded, caught cold, and then this terrible rheumatism for almost five years! Fortunately, she has means enough to just slide along and avoid poor-houses and hospitals.

Notwithstanding her suffering, she is as light-hearted and cheerful, seemingly, as other persons. She expressed a great desire to see Mrs. Woodhull, declared herself to be a most decided woman suffragist, and said she was bound to vote as soon as women got the ballot—if she had to be carried to the polls!

But what we desire to ask the Spiritualists of Washington is, how many of you have seen this courageous, intelligent, suffering sister? What does your Spiritualism amount to, if you do not search out and visit such sufferers? This helpless sister needs human sympathy more than money; the sight of a kind, loving human face more than the sight of greenbacks. Do you suppose the Christians of Washington visit her? She says not. They are doubtless too busy with their "long prayers," for, just across the avenue is the great Dr. Newman's new church, with its "chimes." How sweet they must sound to this poor sufferer! Alas! the Christian Pharisee of to-day is a fair type of the old—high-sounding professions without the practice of godliness. Spiritualists should see to it that no such stain rests upon them.

Rebecca H. Lyon can be found at 478 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, where we send THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Woodhull & Chafflin's Weekly, free.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham has been occupying the desk at Plymouth, Mass., to much acceptance.

A very able argument was that by Belva A. Lockwood before the Committee of the House of Delegates on Laws and Judiciary, at Washington.

Mr. William Brunton, a first-class lecturer, has recently been entertaining and instructing the good people of Providence, R. I., and Fall River, Mass. Last Sunday he addressed the Spiritualist Society, at Cambridgeport.

Thomas Gales Forster is speaking, during January, in Music Hall, Boston, with all of his accustomed power and eloquence. His discourses are marvels of ability.

E. S. Wheeler is giving the friends, at Louisville, splendid proof of his power as an inspirational orator, than which few can equal him.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is announced as Associate Editor to the *Crucible*. She is an indefatigable worker, speaker and writer. Here is success to you, sister.

Emma Hardinge Britten.

The large audiences that greeted this distinguished speaker last Sunday morning and evening, at Apollo Hall, evince the deserved popularity of the lecturer and the unabated interest of the people in Spiritualism, when it is presented in that fascinating, instructive manner which Mrs. Hardinge is peculiarly qualified to do.

Her subject in the evening was "The New Republic," which was presented with all the glowing attraction of her wonderful magnetic voice and oratorical powers. Next Sunday morning her subject will be "The New Bible," and we presume there will be no unoccupied seats at Apollo Hall. We sincerely hope Mrs. Hardinge's "New Bible" will be an improvement on the Old in a great many things, too numerous to mention.

The Sunday-evening lectures, at Lyric Hall, by Mrs. Tappan, are continued with an increasing interest in the speaker and the enterprise. As a highly-cultured, inspirational speaker Mrs. Tappan has few equals.

The Present Age never appeared to better advantage since its late baptism of fire. How true it is that Spiritual papers won't burn up, go to the bottom, or make a die of it, worth a cent. There must be a plentiful supply of vital life somewhere, which suggestive fact we hail with pleasure. G. A. B.

LAST Monday, Senator Sumner delivered an elaborate speech on his Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, which from its conceded ability, ranks with the ablest efforts made in Congress for years. He was honored on the occasion of its delivery by a crowded gallery of colored people, who attentively listened to this latest display of senatorial wisdom from the lips of their long-tried champion.

ON SALE.—We have made arrangements with Mr. John C. Parker, bookseller and stationer, 527 Seventh street, opposite the post-office, Washington, who will keep THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST for sale. Subscriptions and advertisements for our paper can be left with him also.

FORTUNATE.—We have been so fortunate as to secure the services of our old friend and that well-known Spiritualist, Col. J. C. Smith, as corresponding editor from Washington. Col. Smith is an old editor, a pointed and versatile writer, and from a long residence in Washington is thoroughly posted in matters there. Besides his business, a partner in the extensive firm of Chipman, Hosmer & Co., solicitors of patents and counsellors at law, gives him the best of opportunities to gather information upon all matters of interest.

VOICES OF CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., A. L. B. writes—I have received my paper with a blue stamp on it, and here is my three dollars and a quarter for the three papers. Long may THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST live.

CONESUS CENTER, N. Y.—C. M. C. writes: Enclosed find \$2.50 for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly. The latter is worth the money asked for both, saying nothing about your very valuable and able paper.

STEVENSBURG, VA.—J. M. writes: Enclosed thee will find \$2.50 as our renewal of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, with the gratuity of Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly. We have become quite interested in the career of Mrs. Woodhull, and would like much to see her paper. With best wishes for your success, we send our renewal.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Mrs. R. A. Loomis writes: Inclosed you will find two dollars and fifty cents for the continuation of your noblest and best of all papers. And I am exceedingly happy to learn that it is to become a weekly visitor after the first of January. I am a subscriber to both Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly and the Lyceum Banner. I think, after the holidays are over, I shall be able to obtain a number of new subscribers for you.

DARIEN, WIS., J. J. Johnson writes—I enclose \$8.50 for a renewal of my own subscription and for new subscribers to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly. The Spiritualists of Darien have appointed January 20th and 21st for a grand rally—a mass convention. All are invited, and the latch-string will be out, and there is room for all. We expect J. O. Barrett, C. B. Lynn, Mrs. Parry and E. W. Stevens; and we would like to add—A. A. Wheelock. Our remembrance of you last winter is from the heart. We organized a lyceum soon after the convention you attended, and I am happy to say it is a success.

SWANTON, O.—Hon. M. R. Brailey writes: "Enclosed I send you \$10 for four copies of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly for one year. Bro. B. P. Barnum has been laboring with us for a few days past, and will spend the present week in this county. On Sunday he spoke twice at Brailey's school-house, first, on the immortality of man, and second, on the phenomena of spirit intercourse generally. The house was literally jammed, and all went away feeling satisfied of the truth. Bro. Barnum is a first-class speaker, and his historical and metaphysical argument in favor of immortality was unanswerable, and many an infidel went home rejoicing that he had the germ of eternal light implanted in his nature. More anon. Yours forever and then."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—G. W. writes: "I enclose \$2.50 to pay for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, according to your advertisement. I had been for more than fifteen years a traveling and stationed preacher of the M. E. Church before I forsook all for truth; nurtured in that church with associations of the most fraternal character among my ministerial brethren, nothing short of the clearest convictions of the truth of the spiritual philosophy could induce me to separate from them. I treasure with sacred care the principles of love and purity inculcated in that church, while I rejoice that I have found the El Dorado of my long cherished desire—the demonstrative prop of my immortality. Many Methodist preachers, in my acquaintance, have sought and found this pearl of greatest price, and are doing good service in spreading the spiritual philosophy, and what is to me most cheering, it is leavening the churches all over the country. The day is dawning, and the millennial morn is being ushered in. Take courage my brother. Your work will be remunerated."

KIRTLAND, O.—A friend writes as follows of the Christmas exercises of the Lyceum: "In proof of the progress of liberal sentiment in this vicinity, it is agreeable to one who notes passing events to state that a large audience assembled at the Town Hall, in Kirtland, on Christmas Eve, which was presided over by the venerable Father Shaw, of Chester. The exercises, consisting of speaking, and singing by the members of the Lyceum, were successful under the supervision of Mrs. Polly Green, the Guardian, to whom much credit is due for her untiring efforts to keep alive the interest in this association. We were favored with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Rich, former conductor and guardian, bringing the congratulations of a 'merry Christmas' from the Cleveland Lyceum, which were returned with the salutations of this little band, faithful in the cause of progress and kindred in sentiment. From two trees laden with presents three hundred and fifty tokens of friendship were distributed and re-

ceived with merry delight; not as from Santa Claus, a patron saint, but from kind relatives and friends, whose hearts were moved by the author of all good to give good gifts.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY, Cal.—S. C. writes: Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, semi-trance medium, late of Iowa, having taken up her residence in this county, (Humboldt, Cal.,) her advent has given a new impetus to the cause of Spiritualism and free thought, having by her lectures here created a very general interest in the cause and a desire to hear more. She is doing much to vindicate Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress from the odium they have had to bear, and to make known their leading doctrines and merits. Her lectures are conceded by all to be of a high order. They are profoundly philosophical and logical, eloquent and convincing. After her lecture at Rohnerville on the 5th of November, a number of Spiritualists met, and Mr. W. J. Sweasey was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne acted as secretary, when it was resolved to call a county convention to form an organization. Pursuant to a published call, a convention was held in Eureka on the 18th of November. Samuel Strong, Esq., was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne performed the duties of secretary. Dr. Payne introduced a series of resolutions and preamble setting forth at length the philosophy of Spiritualism to be adopted as the basis of an organization. After some discussion the resolutions were withdrawn by the mover, and the convention adopted a brief and simple form of constitution for a county society, for the purpose of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress, to be known as "The Humboldt County Society of Spiritualists and friends of progress and free thought." After adopting the constitution the offices provided by it were filled by the election of W. J. Sweasey, Esq., President; Mrs. A. A. Ricks, Vice-President; S. Cooper, Rec. and Cor. Secretary, and Lewis Tower, Treasurer, and Mrs. M. G. Strong, Mr. D. Pickard and Dr. O. B. Payne, to form with the foregoing officers a board of directors. The officers were duly installed and assumed the duties of their offices. After voting that a synopsis of the proceedings be presented to the papers of the county and sent to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Banner of Light, Religio Philosophical Journal, and Present Age, the convention adjourned. At a meeting of the society on the 19th of November, an arrangement was made to engage the services of Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain for one year, as a lecturer in the cause of Spiritualism, progress and free thought, in Humboldt County.

Answers to Correspondents.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

M. R., of Dakota, writes that the little band of believers there are in trouble. They held regular circles, and having found a good medium in their midst, prospered finely, when, all at once, they were utterly confounded by a spirit declaring itself to be the spirit of a dog. They consulted the spirit of Dr. L—, well known to them, and he confirmed the declaration. Now they are all adrift, and can obtain only contradictory communications, or none at all. He wishes to know why they have fallen into this condition, and how they can escape. The medium is a young lady of high respectability, entirely above deception, and in common with the circle is so chagrined at the result, he fears they will wholly renounce the subject.

Your medium must be wonderfully sensitive to pass so readily and rapidly from one control to another, and allowing her so to do, I am impressed is the cause of your trouble. A spirit dog could not know more than a mortal dog, and hence could not control a medium. But as we are assured animals are not immortal, this point needs no argument. Mediums often yielding to a succession of diverse influences, are often seized by lower orders of spirits. This is the penalty of their highly sensitive condition. As long as the medium's guardians hold pre-eminence, they allow who they please to communicate; but if, as often occurs, by the successive changes from one spirit to another, they lose their influence, then the medium is at the mercy of whatever order of spirits may seize the opportunity. All extremely sensitive media have experiences almost parallel, which originate by the violation of the laws of mediumship, usually from the excessive strain of overtasking, and of diverse influences by which the nervous system becomes abnormally sensitive and irritable. That the house dog barked does not prove that he saw a dog. Many facts are recorded, showing that the dog has acted precisely in the same way when a spirit manifested, more especially a low spirit. Having once reached this climax, your consulting Dr. L—, was unavailing, because you had no guarantee to converse with him, and the answers show you did not.

Your fountain once disturbed, the only recourse is to allow it to remain quiet, and the waters to become pure.

FROM MRS. CAMILLA McMILLEN

TO HER MOTHER, MRS. SARAH F. L. GARRISON.

Communicated through David H. Shaffer.

With joyous greetings, mother dear, I come to you to-day,
Freed from that suffering form of earth, now mouldering to decay.

In which I long experienced much anxious care and pain
But which I shall no more pass through or suffer o'er again.

Although I parted from you and loved ones with regret;
Through death's dark shadowy portal, long absent friends I met,

Who warmly, gladly, welcomed me, and gave the fond caress,
Which relieved my troubled spirit from your heart-griefs and distress.

The transition was to me so great, I could not realize
That I had passed the dread ordeal, when there, before my eyes

Spread unlimitless the summer-land where I now in freedom move,
And bathe my weary spirit in th' ineffable sea of Love.

Now, grieve no more, dear mother, nor let sorrow fill your breast,
Let this be your consolation, your Camilla has found rest

In the home of happy angels, where no tears dim the eye
Where the heart no more with pain shall ache or cause the anxious sigh.

The tendency of earthly cares my spirit hath refined
And I gratefully remember how gentle and how kind
You showed your pure affection to the dear child of your heart,

We are still in love united, though in form we are apart.

I send my gladsome greetings from the flowery summer-land
To mother, sisters, brothers, husband, friends—a goodly band.
Be patient yet a little while upon your mundane shore,
When you'll be called to hear the song of welcome evermore.

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret, that I learned to-day of the departure to that bourne from whence the toil-worn laborer, and the weary traveler on earth, can again, and do often return, of Professor Lorenzo M. Smith, of this city, at 11 P. M., on the 6th day of December inst., in the forty-fourth year of his age. He anticipated a transfer to an advanced field and sphere of usefulness, but not so soon. His departure to the summer-land was hastened by that so much dreaded disease, the smallpox, now raging with so much virulence throughout the land.

He was teacher and professor of phrenological science, and an apt student of human nature. Unassuming in manners, he made no pretensions beyond his knowledge and experience, but he was an honest and earnest Spiritualist, and he failed not in availing himself of every favorable opportunity of demonstrating the reason of the hopes within him; and within the past eight years he devoted his time zealously, without ostentation, in disseminating the truth of our generous and liberalizing philosophy, and spend his money in advancing the noble cause of human progress, and for this object he visited Washington, Chicago, and other places, scattering his thoughts and printed circulars.

He was endowed with prophetic inspiration, and could predict with almost unflinching accuracy, when certain events would transpire, especially during the war of the rebellion, and particularly with reference to political and ecclesiastical revolutions and changes, and for these he was often denounced and ridiculed.

He was a warm friend and sympathizer of our media, many of whom were cheered and encouraged by his kindness and generosity, and much of his means was appropriated in his search for the evidence and the facts that have established Spiritualism over the enlightened world. He yielded much of his powers and talents to spirit influence, giving implicit heed to their assertions, and placing too much confiding reliance on their dictum, his physical and brain were taxed almost to their utmost. Thus was he placed in condition to be exercised by a class of influences, which, no doubt, brought the disease that separated the pure spirit from the material form. His friends and neighbors knew not of his illness. His faithful and devoted wife was his only attendant during the days of his sickness, except the dark-visaged spectres she clairvoyantly saw hovering round and about him, bringing disease and death in their march through the air. For they appeared to her like spirits who had been hurried from the earth by smallpox. And they are now doing a fearful work of which the world will, in the future, become more enlightened.

Bro. Smith died and was buried. No neighbor, friend, or Spiritualist attended his remains to the grave, save only his now bereaved companion and faithful partner of his earthly journey. But he lives in spheres of greater usefulness, his worth and labors in behalf of future good for man and woman will assuredly follow him.

Cincinnati, O.

DAVID H. SHAFFER.

Prospects for the New Year.

The numerous letters that have poured in upon us since our last issue, bearing friendly congratulations and kindly words of approval for our courageous venture in making preparation to publish THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST every week, accompanied as these letters have been, almost without an exception, with money for renewals or new subscribers, not only encourages us in the increased labor before us, but satisfies us beyond question that our "advance movement" is an advance in the right direction.

Beyond our most sanguine expectations has been the response of our friends thus far, and we are now satisfied that could we have decided to make this move, and given notice of the fact three months ago, not a subscriber to our paper but would have gladly renewed at the beginning of this year, while thousands of new ones would have been added to our list who have not yet learned of the great inducements we offer to subscribers for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

No other paper of this size has ever been furnished at such *unprecedentedly low rates*. Two large sixteen page papers filled with reading matter, and only \$2.50 a year—only \$1.25 a year each; or still better, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* and the *Lyceum Banner*, \$3.25 a year—only \$1.12 each a year.

No wonder subscribers are coming in rapidly every mail. People appreciate such enterprise.

In view of this fact and the great demand for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST with *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, we have arranged to *extend the time* for subscribing at these unparalleled low rates until the FIRST OF MARCH NEXT. Therefore, all who would avail themselves of these terms should respond at once and get all their friends to do likewise. Whether we shall be able to continue these terms longer than March 1, it is impossible for us to tell. There will be nearly two months, however, in which those who have not already renewed their subscriptions can do so, thus availing themselves of the advantage of obtaining two papers for a year at less price than the usual cost of one.

This will also give those earnest friends of our journal and our cause, who have already showed most commendable zeal in sending us new subscribers, a further opportunity of aiding in extending our circulation. From efforts already put forth by them, we feel assured they will hail the consummation of this arrangement as "good news," while we sincerely hope it will induce others alike interested who have not yet put forth an effort to assist us, to NOW TAKE HOLD and get us at least one new subscriber each.

Every person who reads this paper well knows the importance of prompt, energetic action in this matter. We shall more than double our labors without the most distant prospect of receiving a dollar for all our work during the eventful year, upon which we have just entered. Expenses of publishing our paper weekly—*your paper*—dear readers, will be more than doubled. If receipts shall cancel current expenses for the year, without one dollar to us, we shall be satisfied. We confidently believe they will. Hence, while we cannot expect any pecuniary recompense, will not our friends consider it a privilege to *aid us* in making our undertaking a *certain success*?

How easily it can be done. Let every one who owes

us a single penny *pay at once*. We need the money. Let those of our subscribers who *have not* already renewed, do so AT ONCE—those who can, for two years—thus simply investing a little money, which you can spare as well as not, in an enterprise that will be able, by your so doing, to give back to you in valuable reading four-fold, because of improvements it would enable us to make at once. Another way to assist, and which will not cost you a farthing.

Make up your mind at once, every one who reads this paper, that you will send us one or two new subscribers for the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* by first day of February next. We mean those who have not done so already—many have. And to those dear friends who have thus aided us and even promise more efforts in behalf of this journal, we have already expressed our gratitude, while we doubt not they will find an ample reward in the assurance that they are assisting in building up a faithful and powerful representative of the cause near and dear to their hearts.

Never has THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST commenced a year with so favorable prospects of success and an enlarged sphere of usefulness. Our readers will not fail to notice the improvements we have entered upon to carry out our practical motto. We intend to publish two more pages of reading matter than heretofore, as in this number. Other decided improvements will be completed next issue. This fact, with our unequalled low rates of subscription, are among the bright prospects we have to present to our readers.

We believe the year which we commence with the publication of our paper weekly, will be one of the most eventful of the century. Already questions of great magnitude have been thrust before the people for consideration and decision. Already the low rumbling of impending *revolution* is heard. The "irrepressible conflict" continues. Wishing all our readers a happy and prosperous New Year, and with courage and determination to do the right, as we understand it, we gladly join the toilers and earnest workers for the harvests of another year.

A. A. W.

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Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less;
Crumpled shirt and dirty eke
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellow then,
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice:
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is sunny light.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with the titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

The following very sensible and well considered views touching the matter of the Bible reading in our schools, we extract from the *Boston Sunday Herald*. They are so much in harmony with our own that we are constrained to copy them for the benefit of our readers:

Some people claim that this is a Protestant country. This is a mistake. A majority of the people of this country are Protestants, but in religious matters this is a free country. That is its chief distinction and its highest praise. If Protestants are more liberal in this respect than Catholics they must show it in just such questions as this of the Bible in the schools. We must set them an example of liberality, instead of establishing a precedent of narrowness. Probably nobody believes that the reading of the Bible in the schools has any power to save or to damn the pupils. It is one of those little points which amount to nothing, but upon which sectarians are always ready to contend, as though they were of vital importance. The very people who insist upon retaining the Bible in the schools would be the first to resist and the last to be satisfied if their religious prejudices were offended in a similar way; and the Catholics who complain the loudest of the Protestant Bible in the schools would be the first to force in the Douay version if they had the power. The contention shows bigotry on both sides, and we know of no more sensible way than to make public education wholly secular. If one religion depends more upon ignorance than another it will lose ground as the people are educated. If one religion cramps and confines by its dogmas, the well developed mind will outgrow it and cast it off. We welcome with gratitude the good done by every church of whatever name, while we cannot fail to deplore the waste of strength in their fights with each other, and the bigotry displayed in these contests which brings reproach upon the name of religion.

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We not only believe in the ministry of angels, but believe that its existence and advantages are demonstrable to all who candidly seek and willingly choose the responsibilities that seeking incurs. And we hail it as the hope of humanity and the dawn of its brightest day.—*Rev. J. B. Ferguson*.

In my humble way I have been an earnest advocate of the principles of the spiritual philosophy, while to me its truths are quite as real as are the facts of material existence; and all my hopes for the future of humanity are founded upon the inauguration of a complete unity of purpose between the two spheres, in all things upon which the good of humanity depends.—*Victoria C. Woodhull*.

Whence do they come, these spirits of music? From out the human breast! He beholds himself, the master; this is the power which cites the spirit. It rises up from the endless depths of the internal, and they look keenly at one another (the master and the spirit); this is inspiration; so the divine spirit looks upon Nature—through this she blossoms. Out of the spirit, blossom's spirits; they entwine with one another, they stream forth, they drink in one another, they bear one another, their dance is image form; we do not see them; we perceive them, and subject ourselves to their heavenly power, and in so doing we submit to an influence which heals us. This is music! —*Bretano*.

A creating and informing spirit which is with us and not of us, is recognized in real and in storied life. It is the Zeus that kindled the rage of Achilles; it is the Muse of Homer; it is the Daimon of Socrates; it is the inspiration of the seer; it is the mocking devil that whispers to Margaret as she kneels at the altar; and the hobgoblin that cried, "Sell him, sell him!" in the ear of John Bunyan; it shaped the forms that filled the soul of Michael Angelo when he saw the figure of the great Lawgiver in the yet unhewn marble, and the dome of the world's yet unbuilt basilica against the blank horizon; it comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard; it tells us what we must believe; it frames our sentences; it lends a sudden gleam of sense or eloquence to the dullest of us all, so that, like Katterfelto, with his hair on end, we wonder at ourselves, or rather not at ourselves, but at the divine visitor who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests our naked thought with the purple of the kings of speech or song.—*O. W. Holmes*.

It was an inspiring belief of Socrates that the heroes, and martyrs, and sages of all time, still, in the spirit, push on their earthly work and stimulate the minds of men. Who would be sorry to believe that the soldiers and statesmen of the new-born nation may rejoice to-day with a mighty people which stretches nearly from the Arctic circle to the Caribbean Sea, and fronts two thousand leagues on oceans which join, through us, the centuries of Europe to the cycles of Cathay, that we have swept the "ephemeral blot" from "an immortal instrument?" If Franklin can recall his earthly memories of Wedderburne, may not the philosopher feel a little quiet satisfaction at the spectacle of a most exalted British Commission, sitting in the capital of aggrieved America, to review, and authorized to express regret for a fatal British wrong? Might not a soldier hope that the great Revolutionary Chief may stretch his broad hand in benediction over the living, and greet dear brethren dead with something of the tone which thrilled the weeping Spartan mother on the evening of Thermopylae—"Your son doth sup with Leonidas to-night?"—*Gen. Horace Binney Sargent*.

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